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## CHRONICLE.

Her Majesty. **Y**ESTERDAY week the QUEEN, at Windsor, decorated Staff Sergeant WILLIAMS, of the Army Medical Staff Corps, for distinguished gallantry in the field at Abu Klea seven years ago.

Uganda. The appointment of Sir GERALD PORTAL as Commissioner for Uganda is, on the whole, the best that could be made. He is practically on the spot; his official position at Zanzibar will give him opportunities, which no other man could have, of getting escort and carriers together; his Abyssinian record shows him to possess, not merely courage and energy, but excellent judgment and temper; and, in all points of sentiment and opinion, he is an Englishman to the backbone.

Home Politics. This day week a letter was published from Mr. GLADSTONE to an Anti-Opium fanatic, endeavouring to soothe the said fanatic's fear that Lord KIMBERLEY was unsound on his own craze. A good meeting had been held the day before at Cambridge in favour of the retention of Uganda, and several others have followed during the week. It was announced that Messrs. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE had undertaken the publication of the Parliamentary Debates.

On Tuesday the further prorogation of Parliament to the 31st of January was gazetted; a meeting of the British South Africa Company was held and characteristically addressed by Mr. CECIL RHODES.

The chief purely home political thing in Thursday's papers was a speech of Lord RIPON at the Eighty Club, in which he contrasted the language used by Unionists towards Sir JAMES MATHEW with that used by Gladstonians towards the PARNELL Commission. The direct comparison does no discredit to the well-earned reputation of Lord RIPON's intellect, inasmuch as Gladstonians then indulged in all the covert abuse and insinuation they dared. But the indirect comparison does him greater credit still, for it invites people to compare the conduct of Sir JAMES with the conduct of the other three Judges. And there is not much doubt what the result of that comparison must be.

Election Petitions. On Tuesday, as was expected, the election judges unseated Mr. CLAYTON for Hexham, deciding that he was personally blameless, and that

corrupt practices had not extensively prevailed, but that he was responsible for the injudicious acts of his agent, Mr. BATY. Some remarks on the action of local Associations were added which will (as the American coloured minister said when he was asked why he did not preach against chicken-stealing) "throw a cold" over those assemblies. For the rest, it is absurd enough, no doubt, that a country which regards everybody, or almost everybody, as possessed of intellectual and moral judgment sufficient to decide the most intricate questions of politics, should at the same time regard everybody as being so weak in the same quality as to be capable of being perverted by a shilling ten for sixpence or a twopenny "smiler" for a penny. But, as the British Constitution takes this view, it might be as well if candidates would employ only agents who have taken the trouble to master, and can be trusted to observe, the ceremonials of the occasion without straying out of the portals beset by the twin-spectres of Illegal Payment and Illegal Practice.—Any gratification, however, that the Gladstonians may have derived from Hexham was more than counterbalanced by the result of the South Meath petition. Mr. Justice O'BRIEN and Mr. Justice ANDREWS unseated Mr. FULLAN (*seu* FULHAM *libentius audit*, for there are both readings) on the ground of clerical intimidation. Mr. Justice ANDREWS, whom Gladstonians themselves accept as perfectly impartial, laid it down that Bishop NULTY's famous—or notorious—Pastoral was of itself sufficient to void the election. This is nasty in itself for the Government; and when it is remembered that, but for this very same clerical influence exercised in the very same way, though perhaps not everywhere with such unblushing violence, their special allies in Ireland would probably not have carried twenty seats, it is nastier still.

The Indian Commander-in-Chief. It is no light task to have to follow Lord ROBERTS; but there is good hope that Sir GEORGE WHITE, V.C., who has been chosen, will justify the choice; for he did excellent work as a soldier in Afghanistan, and at least good work as a general in Burmah. Sir GEORGE's career has been one of rather dramatic contrast. The first twenty-six years of it saw him vegetating up to no higher rank than that of Major; the last thirteen have made him Commander-in-Chief.

**Scotland.** The names of a new Royal Commission, for the purpose of planting Crofters in Scotland, were published this day week.—A bazaar was held last week at Glasgow to obtain funds for the further endowment of Queen Margaret College, the chief Scotch girls' college. 10,000*l.* was wanted, and nearly 12,000*l.* was obtained, which is rather unusual.—A fresh chapter has been added to the interesting history of the Scottish Regalia, familiar to all readers of LOCKHART'S *Scott*, by the restoration to public custody of the missing sword-belt said to have been given (with the sword already in the Castle of Edinburgh) to JAMES IV. by Pope JULIUS. The donor is the Rev. SAMUEL OGILVY BAKER, representative of the family of OGILVY of Barras, who in 1652 defended Dunnottar against the Cromwellians, and saved the Regalia from them.—It is said that some one in Edinburgh has been carrying on for a long time, and with great success, a manufactory of autographs and documents similar to that which plays so great a part in M. DAUDET'S *L'Immortel*.

**Ireland.** A melancholy lesson (of that rather hopeless kind which is known already to all who know and will never be learnt by those who don't) was given last week by a petition from Peasant Purchasers of holdings in Kerry to be let off their instalments. When English politicians are clear-sighted enough to see, and honest enough to act on the seeing, that a man who does not pay his rent when he holds as a tenant will not pay his instalments when he holds as a purchaser, and would ask to be relieved of his debts to shopkeepers, &c., if he had his holding presented to him gratis, then the Irish question will cease, and Ireland will be prosperous. Till then, we fear not.—Nationalists were chiefly occupied last Sunday in celebrating the "brave men" who murdered a defenceless policeman in the execution of his duty some five-and-twenty years ago. "May all who sympathize with 'these righteous die their death!'" is a prayer which the sympathizers cannot possibly object to.—At the sitting of the Eviction Commission on Monday a rather curious correspondence was read between that body and its somewhat older and more stable brother the Land Commission, which declined to produce confidential documents except on strict understandings. Archbishop WALSH had become a bimetallist, which may or may not do bimetallism good. At any rate, the whirligig of time has brought about revenge for the *Drapier's Letters* in an odd way.—On Tuesday Mr. CLANCY, M.P., speaking at the National League, said that "government of Ireland by England" was usurpation, that "the LORD-LIEUTENANT and 'the CHIEF SECRETARY had no right to be there,'" and that "the only thing they had a right to do" was not to concoct Commissions, not to hamper bailiffs, not to refuse to receive loyal addresses, but "to get out of it 'as quickly as they could.'" Alas! we fear the gratitude of Mr. CLANCY will leave Lord HOUGHTON and Mr. MORLEY mourning.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** The statement that Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN has reached the Nile was repeated at the end of last week and the beginning of this. As we have pointed out, there is nothing in the least impossible, or even improbable, in it; but, unless Lord ROSEBURY suddenly turns his coat, Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN will have to go "bock again."

Some fresh family jars in Chitral (wherein later it was reported that the AMEER had been meddling), a fight near Tokar, in which the Egyptian irregulars again showed themselves excellent well able to cope with dervishes, and the resignation of the Canadian Premier, Sir J. ABBOTT, were the chief items of this day week's foreign and colonial news. The French were still busying themselves over the everlasting Ems incident, as once more handled by Prince BISMARCK

and Count CAPRIVI, and "silver men" and "anti-silver men" were already at loggerheads in the Monetary Conference at Brussels.

With Monday morning came tidings of the opening of the Roumanian Parliament (with pretty language from King CHARLES about the approaching marriage of his heir with Princess MARIE of EDINBURGH), of the probability of an arrangement between England and Venezuela, of the completion of the Ronda-Algeciras railway, which makes unbroken communication between Calais and (practically) Gibraltar. Additional inquisitorial powers to the Panama Inquiry Committee had been refused in the French Chamber, after rather a narrow division (234 to 218), and a long report from General DODDS as to the means by which he proposes to pacify and Gallicise Dahomey was received.

On Monday itself the French Deputies came to bury M. LOUBET under pretence of wishing to unbury Baron REINACH. This rather ghoulish device succeeded by 304 to 219, and M. LOUBET resigned. Average of the Third Republic up to date, twenty-six Ministries to twenty-two years, or  $1\frac{2}{3}$  Ministry per year. At the Monetary Conference Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD made a proposal that European Powers should buy silver for a term of years. But, putting bimetallism and monometallism out of the question, has the result of Government silver-buying in America been exactly encouraging? Is the object to gut the silver mines of all their contents, and have an end of the bother by knowing exactly where we are? or what? It was reported in more detail that Russia had politely requested Turkey to pay the indemnity. But *cantat vacuus*: a Sultan not less than another.

On Tuesday M. BRISSON, who had been the chief instrument in the overthrow of the LOUBET Government, was commissioned to undertake the not very promising task of being Number Twenty-seven.

On Wednesday the French Panama Commission was in full cry after its game, and the German Army Bill was attacked by Herr RICHTER.

The French Ministerial crisis had not come to a settlement on Thursday night. Movements of the dervishes on the Nubian frontier were reported, tallying with the reappearance of OSMAN DIGNA at Souakim.

**Meetings, &c.** This day week was a great day for meetings of divers kinds. Mr. ASQUITH'S Monster Variety Entertainment of Nuisances, Trafalgar Square, was in full operation; Mr. GOSCHEN spoke on University Extension; Mr. BRYCE talked to the London School Board teachers on the Teaching of Civic Duty, and envied the French the word civism (patriotism is good enough for us, and we venture to think that the less Board or any other school teachers meddle with the teaching of civic duty the better). The PRINCE OF WALES presided at the first annual meeting of the Imperial Institute.—Wednesday, Saint Andrew's Day, was as usual a day of feasting and speech-making. My Lord ROSEBURY was mighty pleasant at the Scottish Corporation, and many lights of science beamed on the Royal Society.

**The Law Courts.** The curious and rather puzzling contempt of Court action brought against three principal London newspapers in the matter of the Montgomery election petition for publishing letters between Sir PRYCE JONES and Lord SUDELEY was dismissed yesterday week, but without costs, by Mr. Baron POLLOCK and Mr. Justice WILLS.—At Manchester the Clergy Fees dispute, which has been conducted with so much acrimony, came before the Courts in the shape of a libel action, CHARLEWOOD v. FOSTER, which a diocesan registrar brought against the Rev. Mr. FOSTER, the chief promoter of the agitation. The verdict, which was for the plaintiff, with 200*l.* damages, was almost inevitable, for the defendant—one of those pretty numerous people who spoil a



fair case by intemperate and improper handling—had, without a shadow of justification, attacked Mr. CHARLEWOOD's integrity, had written pseudonymous letters, and so forth. But Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, being invited to do so, went into the merits of the fees dispute itself, and expressed an opinion that not a few of these fees were illegal.—HOLMES, the signalman who is alleged to have caused the Thirsk collision, was committed for trial on Monday, with profuse apologies from the Public Prosecutor that he was only acting "under a sense of absolute obligation." This is nineteenth century with a vengeance. It would be interesting to know whether the Public Prosecutor is frequently guided by anything else, or whether he supposes himself to exist for the purpose of undertaking prosecutions according to his taste and fancy.—Dr. BARNARDO, in one of the ramifications of that GOSSAGE case which is becoming a fair second to JARNDYCE and JARNDYCE, was fined 25*l.* and costs for contempt of court.—At Bow Street, on Tuesday, a summons was obtained by the Treasury against a paper which had advertised one of the now popular "word competitions."—On Thursday the Queen's Bench Division (the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Mr. Justice SMITH sitting) refused to interfere with the extradition order made in the case of FRANÇOIS, the alleged accomplice of RAVACHOL. In the Police Courts a curious difficulty arose. The pugilist MITCHELL, who was sentenced some time ago to two months' imprisonment for assault, and appealed, wished to abandon his appeal and take his two months; but Sir JOHN BRIDGE was doubtful whether he could be accommodated.

**Wreck Inquiries.** The detailed finding of the Hongkong Court of Inquiry on the loss of the *Bokhara* amounts to little more than an expression of opinion, the evidence before the Court, owing to the extent of the disaster, being scanty and not exact. The Court thought there had been an error of judgment on the Captain's part in keeping the ship too close to one side of the Channel, but acquitted both him and the other dead officers of "wrongful act or default." The *Howe* Court-martial began on Tuesday. Most of the evidence was concerned with highly technical details of steering, &c., but inaccuracies in the charts, sufficient to have caused any such disaster, were alleged, and strong testimony given in support. Next day—after not merely Captain HASTINGS and his navigating officer, Commander DICKSON, but also Admiral FAIRFAX (who was not formally under trial), had made their statements, the Captain in particular with excellent judgment and taste—the Court formally and fully acquitted the accused, thus saddling the charts with the blame. But who is to blame for the charts? We have an Admiralty which spends a great many more millions a year than any other Great Power spends on its navy. And then its Hydrographical Department lets the charts of the great naval harbours of the world remain uncorrected for a century, while its Salvage Department modestly contents itself with non-existence, and the delegation of its duties to foreign tradesmen.

**Poor Law Guardians.** At the beginning of this week it was announced, with seven times seven blasts of trumpet, that Mr. FOWLER, by an order in Council, had reduced the qualification of guardians of the poor from a scale varying from 40*l.* to about 10*l.*, to a uniform 5*l.* Tories and Unionists were invited by the trumpeters to declare Mr. FOWLER guilty of unconstitutional action, to protest, to howl, and so forth. For our part we decline these invitations. If, as we presume, Mr. FOWLER has acted within his legitimate rights, well and good. If he has not, Parliament will soon find it out. To be sure, this kind of extra-Parliamentary ukase does not look as if Gladstonians were very sure of their majority; but that is their business, and no doubt they know it best. As for the result of the

proceeding the best informed persons seem to have very little idea. The intention—a fresh transference of government to the unfittest—is of course obvious enough; but whether that intention will meet with success is quite another thing.

**Racing.** The Manchester November Handicap, which even now is about the last considerable flat race of the year, was run last Saturday by a good field, including Buccaneer, Ragimunde, Lauriscope, and other horses of note. It fell, however, to Sir JOHN THURSBY's light-weighted Paddy, the favourite, Mr. FANSON's Newcourt coming second.

**The London County Council.** The London County Council has been very, if not very usefully, busy this week, not with its business, but with assuring itself that it ought to be allowed to tax ground values and to "unify London." And to throw the small oasis of the well-governed City into the same desert as the ill-governed county is, no doubt, "unification" of a sort.

**Miscellaneous.** Last Saturday was distinguished by disastrous fires in different parts of the kingdom. The Lincoln Theatre Royal, one of the now rare old country theatres, was burnt down; damage to the extent, it was said, of not much less than a quarter of a million was done at a great draper's shop in Edinburgh; and there was another mighty blaze in the London Docks. The Birmingham Cattle Show opened on the same day.—On Tuesday Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE had before him once more, and treated not without wisdom, that old and not unnatural, but perhaps scarcely modest, request for the "earlier opening of "Kew Gardens," which, being translated into fact, is a request for the supplying of houses in the immediate neighbourhood with a very delightful and comparatively private "square garden" on a very large scale, at the national expense, and to the detriment of the special objects for which the Gardens are kept up.—A Pembrokehire deputation waited on Sir CHARLES TUPPER to urge the claims of Milford Haven, the Cinderella of English harbours, upon the Canadian Government.—The long-talked-of torchlight procession of the unemployed came off on Thursday night, and was a complete fiasco. Not more than a few hundred persons assembled; the City Police, forbidding their torches, escorted them with extreme politeness to Temple Bar, where the Metropolitan Police received and broke them up, so that as a body they never got to Trafalgar Square at all.

**Obituary.** Cardinal LAVIGERIE, whose name has been frequent in the papers of late years, died last week. We have no doubt that the Cardinal was perfectly sincere in his anti-slave-trade agitation, and in his recent conversion from Royalism to Republicanism. The latter, however, lent some colour to the scoffers at a certain "transaction" between the Republic and the Church. "The Republic," say they, "persecutes the Church ruthlessly at home, and only just stops short of propagating atheism; but abroad, as the missionaries are useful politically, they are tolerated, and even petted, and forgive their home persecutors." After all, this is Christian conduct.—Dr. HORT, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was one of the chief authorities on the Text of the New Testament, and M. PIERRE GALLAND, Director of the Gobelins, perhaps the first authority in European art as applied to house decoration.

**Books, &c.** There have appeared this week two notable books of verse—the late Lord LYTON'S *King Poppy* (LONGMANS), a very pretty volume with a frontispiece and title-page by Mr. BURNE JONES, who has not been common in the front of books, and containing a very original and delightful fantasy piece, half ideal, half satirical; and a translation, also hand-

some (MACMILLAN), by Mr. C. L. SHADWELL, of the greater part of DANTE'S *Purgatory* into the stanza of MARVELL'S "Horatian Ode"—an "experiment," as Mr. SHADWELL himself calls it, and a bold one.

#### FRANCE.

THE French crisis has developed with rapidity, but on perfectly normal lines. In less than a week it has grown into an open and semi-revolutionary conflict between the Chamber of Deputies and the Law Courts. The Committee appointed to inquire into the truth of M. DELAHAYE'S sweeping charges began at once to endeavour to exercise powers to which it has no right. The Ministry, frightened, apparently, at the eagerness of the Committee to obtain possession of, and to exercise the powers of, a Committee of Public Safety, succeeded in defeating a proposal to confer judicial authority upon it by an Act. At the same time the Cabinet, in the hope perhaps of soothing the Committee, promised that the Procureur-Général should communicate to it the evidence collected by the investigating magistrate, which forms the materials of the State lawyers' brief in the coming trial of the Panama Directors. This compromise has proved displeasing alike to the Chamber and the Parquet. French lawyers are not more pleased by the intrusion of amateurs into their preserves than those of other countries. Nor are their professional pride and their sense of the mischief certain to be caused by "confusion of the two powers" less keen. But before the Parquet, though it has been prompt, could make its protest, the Chamber has shown itself equally ill pleased with the half-measures of the Ministry. The Deputies have persuaded themselves that an attempt was being made to keep the promise of thorough investigation to the ear and break it to the hope. A pretext was soon found for bringing this suspicion to the test. The Committee demanded that the body of M. DE REINACH should be exhumed, and an autopsy held to prove whether he did or did not die by poison. It was resisted by M. RICARD on behalf of the Cabinet, on strictly and, it must be confessed, somewhat pedantically legal grounds. M. BRISSON, the Chairman of the Investigating Committee, whose reappearance is one of the most curious features of the crisis, undoubtedly expressed the sense of the Deputies when he said that the law was being ransacked in search of technical excuses for limiting the inquiry. An overwhelming majority has swept the Ministry away. The Committee, not unnaturally elated by the manifest favour of the Chamber, has begun to act as if it were actually endowed with the powers it desires to possess. It has been immediately met by the opposition of the insulted judicial authorities. There is every prospect of an open conflict between the Chamber, in an almost revolutionary frame of mind, and the Courts of Law, indignant at what they consider unjustifiable interference with their functions, and animated in their defence of sound principles by injured professional feelings.

The situation is one which has often occurred in French history before. The Law Courts are now resisting the Chamber of Deputies much as the Parliament of Paris resisted the King. Under the Monarchy a solution was found by exiling the Parliament to dull provincial towns, by holding a "bed of justice," or, in the last resort, by threatening the formation of new Courts which would take away the business of the privileged College of Justice. In the present case, if M. CARNOT is prepared to act heartily with the Deputies, a solution may be found in the wholesale dismissal of recalcitrant legal officials. A less severe measure would be the passing of an Act to

endow the Committee with judicial powers. Either course would have a distinct revolutionary flavour; but for a hundred years past there have been no means of finding an exit from difficult positions in France which did not more or less smack of revolution. It has, ever since the Great Revolution, been impossible for Frenchmen to realize that it is better to tolerate the suppression of a scandal or the escape of a wrong-doer than to take measures which must permanently weaken the authority of the Law Courts and the stability of the Government. This has been the case when it might plausibly be argued that the motives for the revolutionary measure were love of righteousness and hatred of iniquity. It has been still more frequently the case when the motives were love of exercising power and the hope of injuring opponents. All four motives may be traced at present working in such force that they may well dictate violent measures before long. The Chamber has been blamed, with perhaps undue severity, for insisting on an autopsy of Baron DE REINACH. It is an unsavoury demand, no doubt; but the circumstances of his death were in the last degree suspicious, and there are signs that an attempt to suppress the truth may have been made. He was buried with almost unseemly haste, and the official certificate of the cause of death is a document which does not deserve to inspire confidence.

The official doctor who signed it only certifies that he was convinced by information of the family that the cause of death was apoplexy. We are not surprised that the Chamber of Deputies attached no importance to such a certificate. Then M. RICARD took a line which was sure to cause irritation when he informed the Chamber that, as M. DE REINACH died before his name was formally included in the indictment, it was impossible to order the seizure of his papers. M. RICARD may have been animated by a severe regard for that letter of the law which cannot often be disregarded without injury to its spirit; but his language had an unfortunate resemblance to those merely formal and technical excuses which have been used to defeat the ends of justice. M. LOUBET'S rather petulant outcry that government was impossible if Ministers were to be dictated to at every turn by Deputies, was naturally offensive as coming from a man who owed his place to his insignificance. A direct vote of want of confidence would have been richly deserved by the incompetence of the Cabinet. The course taken by the Deputies was to vote against the Government in a way which certainly laid the majority open to the charge of wishing to see their will carried out, whether the measure they recommended was legal or not. They were, in fact, in that frame of mind in which Frenchmen are ready for sweeping and revolutionary measures.

The disappearance of M. LOUBET'S Cabinet will do nothing to soothe the exasperation of the Deputies' nerves. It leaves the Chamber and the Government in a situation in which even a strong man and well-organized party would find it hard to steer a steady course. The conflicting groups of the French Chamber and the small men who lead them may well lose their heads. As the Panama inquiry goes on it is becoming very clear that there was a considerable body of truth at the back of M. DELAHAYE'S sweeping charges. Nothing was obtained from that person; but other witnesses, notably M. PRINET, the investigating magistrate, and M. THIERRÉ, the banker, have quoted what does appear to be evidence, that vast sums of money did pass from the Panama Company to M. DE REINACH for the purpose of "advertisement." Much of it, if not all of it, went in "pots of wine" to persons who were likely to make themselves useful, and of whom some at least were Deputies. The effect of "revelations" of this stamp on the Chamber is, of course, to exaggerate its



existing anger tenfold, and to make it more resolute than ever to get at the truth and punish delinquents. It knows how suspicious France is of its legislators, and how ready it is to allow them to be swept away by any broom which happens to turn up at the right moment. So the Committee is well disposed, if it were only from a terrified desire to clear its character, for a policy of thorough. Animated by the support of the Chamber, it has entered on a conflict with the magistracy which has very properly reminded the politicians that the defence in all forms of trial must be considered to have some rights. There is no prospect that any effective moderating influence will be exercised by its chairman, M. BRISSON, or by the PRESIDENT. M. BRISSON, who has come to the front again after years of obscurity, is an "austere" Radical of the French serious type—that is to say, a man of much real and some pharisaical probity, with a passion for "logical" and consistent solutions." He is understood to believe that a drastic inquiry will damage the reactionary parties, and incidentally injure the influence of certain political ladies, which is offensive to his austerity. The weakness of Frenchmen in "society" and out of it for little speculations, even when they have a flavour of "tripotage," makes it quite probable that some of the persons whom M. BRISSON dislikes have had a finger in the Panama Canal pie. The hope of punishing them will strengthen his zeal, and as M. CARNOT is a man of the same stamp, the influence of both will be thrown on the side of the Committee.

#### LESSONS FROM SOUTH MEATH.

THERE are many useful and, to Unionists, agreeable lessons to be learnt from the South Meath election. The first and simplest of these, of course, is that the alliance of the Anti-Parnellite Nationalists with the Irish priesthood is a compact of exactly that nature that Unionists have always represented it to be, and operating after precisely that fashion that they had always contended that it would. Gladstonians, whether believing what they said or not—perhaps some of the more foolish of them did—were accustomed by turns to dispute both these propositions. Sometimes they would pooch-pooch the apprehension even of attempts on the part of the priesthood—at least, on any large scale—to intimidate the voter; at other times, and when the solicitude of the clergy for the statutory privileges of the illiterate voter became too conspicuous, they would argue that, though the priest might have all the will to intimidate, he no longer had the power; that the Irish elector, in short, had become much too enlightened and independent a person to allow his ghostly adviser to intimidate him. In the desperation of advocacy the Gladstonian was heard to describe the peasant of Ireland as almost an *esprit fort*—an emancipated person with all the most fashionable doubts about everything. This, of course, was absurd; but many even of those most sensible of its absurdity can hardly have been quite prepared for the real truth of matters as it has been brought out by the election judges at Trim. Whether as proving the lengths to which Catholic bishops and pastors are prepared to go in the way of spiritual coercion, or as showing how far their flocks are capable of being dragged at their heels, the judgment of Mr. Justice O'BRIEN and Mr. Justice ANDREWS, and the evidence on which it was based, form as instructive a study as the careless or ill-informed Englishman could possibly require.

Apart, however, from its illustrations of the character and methods of Mr. GLADSTONE'S clerical allies and their unfortunate victims in Ireland, the contest in South Meath has a didactic value of a broader

kind. Its significance resides not only in the reproach which it casts on a cause supported by such adherents, but in its exposure of the fundamental fallacy and folly of the political theory in which that cause is embodied. For the moment this array of shepherds and their harried sheep happens to form a division of Mr. GLADSTONE'S party followers; and the association is quite legitimately employed by his adversaries to discredit him. But if the chances of politics had enlisted this precious contingent of despotism and ignorance on the other side, the refutation of the Home Ruler would be equally complete. For the main strength of the case with the half-educated English elector who is caught by platitudes about "political justice," "political equality," and so forth, reposes upon the assumption that an Irish and an English elector are much the same sort of creature; the one, on the whole, as fit for self-government as the other. How ludicrously false this assumption is even the most superficial of these theorists can now see for himself. To read the evidence in the South Meath case is almost to feel as though one had been ante-dated to another century, or transported to another world. The priest who intimidates from the very confessional, and the unhappy wretch who testifies to the outrage while trembling to relate it, are figures which seem to belong to a different age or a different hemisphere from ours. Yet it is men like these by whom an Irish Home Rule Parliament would have to be elected, and by whom, or rather by the masters among them, with their slaves at heel, that the action of that Parliament would be controlled. If it is said that the logical conclusion from this is that Ireland should be disfranchised altogether, the answer is that, while that no doubt is the logical conclusion, the practical excuse for evading it is that, as a unit in the total representation of the United Kingdom, an electorate of this description can do comparatively little mischief. The responsibility for the degradation of Parliamentary government would lie with those who are for making such an electorate self-governing and supreme.

#### MR. RHODES'S TELEGRAPH WIRES.

THERE was a very considerable amount of what in a different English colony from that which Mr. CECIL RHODES adorns is called "blowing" in Mr. RHODES'S speech at the British South Africa meeting on Tuesday. The audience at the Cannon Street Hotel were privileged to listen also to the Duke of ABERCORN and to the Duke of FIFE; but these distinguished persons chiefly contented themselves with eulogizing "their colleague, Mr. RHODES," and saying ditto beforehand to everything that their colleague Mr. RHODES had to say. It would have been treason to their confidence in him if Mr. RHODES had not shown equal confidence in himself; and to do him justice there was no taint of such treason in his speech. He gave a glowing account of what he had done; and a more glowing account of what he would do. He would make a telegraph line to Uganda; he would "deal with" the MAHDI (he meant the KHALIFA); over Africa generally would he cast out his shoe. If the Government would help him, well—if not, he would "go and do it himself." *Seul il ferait le bonheur de son peuple.* In this strain, with pleasant tossing about of thousands and millions now and then, with casual remarks as to the extreme insignificance of such questions as Home Rule, with agreeable descriptions of the happiness of LOBENGULA over his hundred sovereigns every month, did he speak. He even told candid anecdotes, interesting to a personal age, of his having personally asked General GORDON whether he really refused the Chinese roomful of gold, and on that officer returning, "Yes. What would

"you have done?" having replied "Taken it; and three more if I could have got them." With such pleasant things, we say, did Mr. RHODES beguile the time and chequer the dreams of empire with which he fed his faithful flock.

We would not be understood as hinting, by anything in the tone of this summary, distrust or doubt of Mr. RHODES. The taste of his address may leave something to desire; his bluff frankness in admitting the soft impeachment of being "an adventurer" and "a speculator" may call up in some minds memories of the demeanour of Mr. BROUGH, of the firm of BROUGH & HOFF, Turkey merchants, &c., in the City of London. But there are two things about the matter, as distinguished from the form, of Mr. RHODES's address which take it far out of the range of fantastic dreaming on the one side, and far away from the ingenious patter of the "promoter" on the other. In the first place, Mr. RHODES has actually done almost everything that he says he has done, and a great deal of what he sketches as his entire scheme. In the second place, there is nothing in that scheme itself which is in the slightest degree impossible or chimerical. It is simply the accomplishment, under rather less easy circumstances, and with somewhat maimed possibilities, of a scheme which, if English Governments had had more enterprise and more faith, might have been accomplished ten years ago. That time was when the changes in South Africa consequent on the Zulu wars had thrown the interior open to longing European eyes; when the discoveries of CAMERON and STANLEY, following on those of LIVINGSTONE, had for the first time made Central African geography tolerably plain; when neither Congo Free State nor German sphere was in the way; and when the occupation of Egypt, following on all these things, had given us a standing point and an inducement at the other end of Africa. Mr. RHODES's Cape Town-Alexandria telegraph and railway, with all that it implies, were then actually urged in slightly altered forms on the Governments of the day by persons who looked a little further ahead than to next quarter-day, or even next general election. But what they dreamt Mr. RHODES has to no small extent done; and he is now, it appears, dreaming the rest of their dream. We wish him as good success with it as in the past. And we wish it for one special reason—that the larger the enterprise or group of enterprises of British colonization in Africa, the less danger there is of the perversion of it by a spurious local and particularist patriotism. So long as the chief initiative rests with and appears to be bound up with the interests of a highly respectable and energetic, but rather peculiarly constituted, community like the Cape Colony there is some such danger. The wider the scheme the less danger of its forces gravitating to a merely local centre. As to the imputations which are made in some quarters on the financial side of the Company's undertaking, that does not appear to us to be a matter of public interest at all. It is of the highest importance to people who wish to invest their money, no doubt, but not of much to any others. Moreover, in the present position of the enterprise, it seems extremely unlikely that, whether the Company establishes itself as a dividend-paying concern or not, its affairs will come to a breakdown at any rate before, by immigration and occupation, such a hold is taken of Zambesian territory that, come what may, the Empire will be unable to let go of it. That is the point of interest; and, being pretty well satisfied on that, we can wish the Company itself good luck, and give it hearty thanks for having done what it has done and is doing.

#### THE TWO COMMISSIONS.

WE cannot help wondering what is Mr. MORLEY's present attitude towards that child of his political loins, the Evicted Tenants Commission. Is he proud of it, or disgusted with it? Does he watch its developments with paternal complacency, or is he sorry he ever begot it? The learned President of the Commission is, as we observed last week, going slower, and his evolutions at this moderated pace are undoubtedly of a more staid and judicial character than they were at first. But, on the other hand, if the public displays of this body have ceased to scandalize, their private procedure—if we may so describe their correspondence—is beginning to excite alarm on its own account. In the first place they have contrived to "give themselves away" to Lord CLANRICARDE—in itself, and for obvious reasons, a very remarkable feat; and next they have managed to embroil themselves with the Land Purchase Commissioners on a point which, except for purposes the reverse of creditable to themselves and their inquiry, it could not be worth their while to dispute. The rebuke which they courted and received at the hands of Lord CLANRICARDE it was sheer fatuity to provoke. Their extraordinary offer to Mr. TENER, Lord CLANRICARDE's agent, to make arrangements, if he should desire it, for the reception of his evidence, and that of any witnesses he might call, "without the presence of the reporters," may have been made in good faith, and with a view, as Sir JAMES MATHEW has since stated, to the protection of the "planters." But what about its discretion when it enables the incriminated landlord to reply in these terms?—"At the opening of your proceedings my agent and counsel attended. My counsel claimed by cross-examination at once and publicly to test the value of statements adverse to me. The Commissioners refused permission, but did permit that evidence to go forth to the public uncontradicted; and they now suggest that my rebutting evidence shall be given in private."

The complication with the Land Purchase Commissioners is of a less simple nature, and needs, perhaps, a little more light to be thrown on it before it will be possible to determine what precisely it is that Sir JAMES MATHEW and his (surviving) colleagues are driving at. But thus much, at any rate, is clear, that the Evicted Tenants Commission decline to give the Land Purchase Commissioners those assurances of respect for their confidences which the latter have asked for as a condition of furnishing the former body with confidential copies of "the general reports made by their valuers, and excerpts from their reports on individual cases where advances had been made to purchasers who had become tenants of evicted holdings, together with copies of the contracts in these cases." The Land Purchase Commissioners, while declaring their willingness to place these documents at the disposal of the Evicted Tenants Commission, stipulate only that "such reports shall not be communicated to the Press, or published or referred to in any report or appendix to a report made by the Commission," and that they shall not be used for the purpose of examination of any witnesses whom the Commission might call. To this stipulation, repeatedly submitted to them, the Commission, partly by silence and partly by evasions, have made it pretty clear that they do not intend to accede. Which of the privileges above specified they particularly cling to does not appear; but, judging from the manner in which they have dealt with the Irish landlords, we should imagine that it was the privilege of communicating to the press day by day such selections from the aforesaid documents as might tend to create the greatest amount of prejudice against those persons whom they were specially commissioned to victimize. That the Land Purchase Commissioners—



who were not appointed to victimize anybody—should object to the use of their archives for this purpose is not only natural but becoming; and the concluding sentence of their last letter conveys a dignified rebuke of Mr. MORLEY's Board of Inquisitors, which ought to make a certain stickler for "the legalities" feel a little uncomfortable. It had appeared to them, they say, that the Evicted Tenants Commission, with a full statement before them of the particulars of the concluded sales, "would of course assume that the advances made by the Irish Land Commissioners in the exercise of their power under the Land Purchase Act had only been made to *bonâ fide* tenants." So we should have thought ourselves; and we should have further thought that, if the mode of exercising these powers requires investigation at all, it should in common decency be investigated by the legislative body that conferred them. But the original—let us say, eccentricity of putting an English judge to preside over a packed committee of Nationalist partisans might have prepared us well enough, perhaps, for the minor monstrosity of setting on this irresponsible body—a mere breath of the Executive, here to-day and gone to-morrow—to overhaul the acts done by a statutory Commission in the regular exercise of powers deliberately vested in it by the Legislature.

#### THE L. C. C.

IT is, perhaps, early to conclude that there are signs of an amendment of life in the London County Council. And yet, when Mr. FLEMING WILLIAMS rebukes his fellow-Progressists for disregarding the elementary principles of justice, and is rebuked for dividing the party, and when Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD is found looking at the facts in a quite sane and reasonable manner, it is pardonable to hope that the County Council will not for ever follow the example of the Municipal Council of Paris. This body has long refused to vote money for an increase of the police, because it is not allowed what it considers a proper measure of "autonomy." The London County Council has found an equivalent for this obstinate folly in a refusal to take necessary work in hand until it is allowed to raise money in some fashion which it hopes will prove onerous to the landlord, and also escape the observation of the occupier. It has not yet given up this attitude; but, as we have said, some of the members of the majority are beginning to have doubts. They have not yet, as far as we know, begun to question the right of the Council to hang up necessary work, or the wisdom of exercising the right, if it exists. But they have conceived, and have openly expressed doubts as to the meaning of that blessed phrase, "Taxation of ground values."

Mr. STUART's amendment, to begin with, was rather touching. It contained such a candid, though manifestly unintentional, confession that the Council is longing to be extricated by Parliament from an unpleasant pass. It has set out to make London a paradise for the Trade-Union working-man, and finds the process a very costly one. Money must be got, but to get it in the one way open at the present moment to the Council—namely, by the imposition of more rates—might have disastrous consequences for the majority. The apathy of the London ratepayer is great, but it is probably not boundless. At least, it is safer to suppose that it is not. Obviously, then, all that remains is "to rob some third person." The powers of the London County Council being limited, it must needs go to Parliament for help. Mr. STUART, M.P., put the tender wishes of the Council with an almost touching candour. "In the opinion of the Council"—so ran his formula—"the most equitable method of securing this relief" (e.g. the relief

of the ratepayer from the burden the London County Council dare not lay on him) "is by the taxation of the ground values of London; and it is urgent and necessary to take immediate action to that end in the next Session of Parliament, and, subject to the ultimate settlement of this question, some immediate relief might be obtained by an interim special rate on ground values, rent duty, or municipal death duty." Mr. STUART does not explain how the "interim special rate" is to be imposed, or what is to be considered to be the proper length of an interim. Although Mr. STUART has now been a member of Parliament for some time, he has retained a wonderfully strong confidence in the possibility of getting contentious measures through the House. To be sure, Mr. STUART may think that an interim duty is something like ship-money, an impost which can be levied by prerogative. A little investigation of history will, we think, show even Mr. STUART that this is a mistake.

But it is not to be wondered at that Mr. STUART has not defined his alternative for taxation of ground values, seeing that neither he nor any of his party have defined that quack nostrum itself. By far the most amusing passage of the debate was that in which Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD absolutely made this cruel criticism, and drove it home with severity. His quotation of the case of that house which stands on land belonging to the Duke of WESTMINSTER was little better—all things considered—than perfidious. Here is a house in Belgrave Square standing on a piece of ground which was let by the Duke of WESTMINSTER's family on a long lease. Much of the lease is yet to run. Till it is exhausted the DUKE only receives 9s. a year, which is far below the present market value of the ground. The leaseholder can sell the remains of his lease, if he likes, and reap the whole benefit of the increased value of the ground. Now, in this case, who would pay the tax on ground value? If the DUKE is to pay tax only on what he receives, it will be little enough. The suggestion that he should pay on what is really in the hands of the leaseholder, and therefore on what the tenant benefits by, is one which it would tax the bigotry of Mr. STUART to make to the House of Commons. Of course there is nothing in all this, or in any part of Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD's speech, which is new, or has not been often pointed out. But it is interesting to hear it from him, and in these circumstances. Mr. ARNOLD did not produce much, or indeed any, immediate visible effect. The majority thought him sufficiently answered by Mr. BEN TILLET's deliciously pompous declaration that these details were tiresome, and that what was wanted was something large and statesmanlike. Still one may hope that the leaven will work, and that, after a time, it will begin to dawn on the mind of the majority of the County Council that ignorance of the facts and indifference to them may become young democrats on the stump, but are bad qualifications for the production of statesmanlike measures.

#### LORDS-IN-WAITING.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, who was surprised by a peerage in America, arrives in England to find himself, in addition to being a Lord Temporal of Parliament, a Lord-in-Waiting on the QUEEN. We do not suppose that Sir LYON PLAYFAIR—we are anxious to observe the fitness of time in speaking of him as yet in his condition of a commoner—was made a peer without account being taken of his personal feelings. He was not, so to speak, compulsorily vaccinated. The fate with which CHARLES LAMB threatened GEORGE DYER was not his, though there would be nothing now very extraordinary in GEORGE DYER being made a lord; nor would he have any reason to be alarmed at the prospect. The gracious intention of the QUEEN

was no doubt "cabled" to Sir LYON, and his answer, presumably, was "cabled" back to Downing Street. It is interesting to reflect that Sir LYON PLAYFAIR became Lord PLAYFAIR on American soil. The transformation was effected in the United States, and under the very eyes of its enlightened citizens. Sir LYON went to bed in America a knight and got up a lord; the great Republic entertained a nascent peer of the realm unawares—a great encouragement of the virtue of hospitality. Whether any considerable difference was noticed by observant interviewers between Sir LYON PLAYFAIR and Lord PLAYFAIR, whether a glory encircled the peer which was less conspicuously observable in the knight, we on this side of the water are not yet informed. We wait advices.

Lord PLAYFAIR'S — we have now arrived at the historical moment in which we can give him his title—Lord PLAYFAIR'S appointment to be a Lord-in-Waiting to the QUEEN has excited some little surprise. We do not know why it should do so, after the nomination of Lord ACTON. Lords-in-Waiting are, indeed, looking up. The office will presently confer more distinction on its incumbents than a seat in the Cabinet, if Mr. GLADSTONE continues to make his selections for both on the principles which he has exemplified in forming his present Administration. The Lords-in-Waiting are—supposing the scholarship of Lord ACTON and the scientific attainments of Lord PLAYFAIR distributed equally among their four or five colleagues—an abler and more learned body than the Cabinet. The average Lord-in-Waiting at whom we thus arrive is certainly a better man than the average Cabinet Minister. If composite photographs were taken which should give the typical Lord-in-Waiting on the one side, and the typical Cabinet Minister (Gladstonian Administration No. 4) on the other, the portrait of the Lord-in-Waiting would probably indicate moral and intellectual qualities as much above those of the typical Cabinet Minister as the portrait of HAMLET, King of Denmark, showed over that of CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark. We do not disparage the literary abilities of Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. BRYCE. We admit freely the omniscience of Mr. GLADSTONE. But, if there is a Mr. JOHN MORLEY in the Cabinet, there is also a Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY. Side by side with Mr. BRYCE there is Mr. MUNDELLA, who was formerly Minister of Education, much on the principle on which First Lords of the Admiralty are appointed who were never at sea. The learning and capacity of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. BRYCE, and one or two others, distributed over seventeen Cabinet Ministers, would give a much smaller share to each than that with which the learning of Lord ACTON and Lord PLAYFAIR, divided equally among their colleagues, would endow every Lord-in-Waiting.

What the functions of Lords-in-Waiting are is one of those mysteries of the Household which ought not to be proclaimed upon the housetop. We know that they succeed each other in attendance; each lord, with his accompanying groom, being in waiting for a certain term of each year, and then returning to the common light of day, like an ordinary human being. No doubt they are useful as well as dignified. They also serve who only stand and wait. Frequently the appointment is given to young politicians who are on their promotion. A Lord-in-Waiting is often a lord in expectation of something better. Everything comes, as Lord BEACONSFIELD was fond of repeating, to him who can wait—that is to say, who knows how to lie in wait. Two or three and twenty years ago Mr. GLADSTONE devised a plan (Gladstonian Administration No. 1) for utilizing Lords-in-Waiting by attaching them, while out of waiting, to political departments not otherwise represented in the Lords, of which they became the spokesmen in that House. Perhaps Lord

PLAYFAIR, who has been Postmaster-General, may be told off to act as a sort of unofficial subordinate to Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY; while Lord ACTON may be deputed to represent Mr. MUNDELLA, or some other superior statesman, as well as his abilities allow.

#### THE UNEMPLOYED.

IF it would be foolish to take the word of Tower Hill orators and others of their trade for the amount of distress prevailing in London at this moment from the deficiency of the demand for labour, it would, on the other hand, no doubt be unjust to assume that there is no more than the normal number of men standing idle. Should such an assumption become prevalent, it will, of course, be the Tower Hill orators and their like whom the unemployed have to thank for it. The industry of these gentlemen is one of so transparently intelligible a character—indeed, they have now taken to advertising it with so frank a *naïveté*, by describing themselves as "paid organizers"—that people are apt to believe that they imagine the calamity from which they profit. This, however, is not entirely so. The adversity of genuine workmen is, it is true, their opportunity; and, though they no doubt magnify the one in the utilization of the other, they do require some reality to work upon. They remain without employment themselves until some number of the *bonâ fide* workers are unfortunate enough to lose theirs, and, in fact, it is not till then, probably, that they can succeed in collecting an audience. No doubt, when that is once collected, it swells rapidly enough; and to be "unemployed" soon becomes a business of itself. Hence the absolute untrustworthiness of their apparent numbers. We may know, as we said at the outset, by the successful activity of these spouters that distress exists; but how much of it may prevail is rendered progressively more and more difficult of ascertainment. As soon as idleness becomes an industry, and often a particularly profitable industry, it naturally becomes hard to determine how much of it is voluntary and how much enforced.

Still, there are some authorities on the subject upon whom we may, perhaps, place reliance; and one of these should certainly be Mr. JOHN BURNS, who is assuredly liable to no temptation to understate the case, and who at the same time is possibly restrained by a sense of his responsibility as County Councillor, of which he shows himself fully conscious in his article on the Labour Question in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, from any gross exaggeration of it. Upon Mr. BURNS'S estimate, then, we are glad to see that the distress, though real, is certainly not so severe as in some quarters it has been represented. If it is worse by more than half than it was last year, it has been exceeded in nearly that proportion during the last six years. Thus, according to Mr. BURNS, while the numbers of men out of work in 1892 amounted to a little over 7 per cent. as against a little under 5 per cent. in the previous year, it touched 10 per cent. in 1886; and even in the following year, when a considerable improvement took place, it was still nearly 1 per cent. over that of the present year. In 1889 it was at its minimum of one and a small fraction per cent., and every year since then it has continued to increase till it has reached its present figure of 7. We agree with Mr. BURNS that "this is bad enough, and shows a "progressive decline of prosperity"; but we may ask if it justifies some of the heroic remedies which he proposes in the article in question, and which include the establishment of a completely equipped Labour Bureau "in every district council or vestry "area," the organization of relief works, and the universal and compulsory limitation of the hours of



labour, the "emancipation" of industry, and other little matters of the same kind. Mr. Burns observes that the "gentleman who gets up to look for work at midday, and prays that he may not find it, is undeserving of pity"; and with praiseworthy candour he admits that he has "seen the most genuine and honest men at meetings mixed up with the laziest and most drunken scoundrels." It would surely be desirable to know more than we do at present about the proportion in which these two classes are represented before plunging headlong into Socialistic experiments.

#### TENNIS, 1892.

THE lovers of tennis have to be thankful for few mercies, and the autumn meeting of professionals at Manchester over, it is good-bye to serious tennis for six months at least. Some might think the winter months not ill designed for a game necessarily played under cover; but the short light is a drawback not easily overcome, and the weeks now upon us are the sole property of the practising amateur. Once and again a solitary belated match may be played, as at Oxford the other day, where Latham, giving fifteen and a bisque, met and vanquished his old comrade of Queen's, Stanley Lambert, the new marker in Merton Street. But the year is over, and it is a year that has seen more than an average amount of good play, which, without venturing upon exhaustive analysis after the fashion of the sporting press, we may endeavour to review in part. Two or three players have done much to raise or strengthen their reputations—to wit, Mr. Ernest Crawley (in particular), Latham, and our Saunders himself. Mr. Lyttelton keeps his place. Cambridge came forth victorious, as usual, from the University contests, and poor Oxford was frowned upon, again as usual, for her deplorable lack of skill in the game. With this for prelude, let us resolve ourselves somewhat into detail.

Queen's Club was the first to open the small series of tournaments. Here is held the only open amateur meeting in England, and a fair number of entries was made. But entries alone will not make a tournament. There is a coyness about the tennis-player not to be equalled, so we truly think, in any other kind of sportsman in the world. First, he will not enter (Oh! because So-and-So can beat him, and So-and-So receives fifteen from such a one, and such a one wouldn't dream of playing); and, secondly, if dragged to the sticking point of paper, he will scratch at the first opportunity. Perhaps two or three names of fair players are entered; one day they come to the club and find a fresh name added, and this they are sure is a greater player than they—and so they all scratch. Then yet a greater than the last adds his name, and then the lesser man scratches; thus there comes a champion with never a match played; while the gentleman who has the honour to scratch last obtains, perhaps, a secondary distinction of the "silver" character, and his name is painted up as a hero of the year. All which goeth to make a mean and bloodless tournament, moral, perhaps, and no doubt informed with some logic and necessity. But Queen's had better luck than this now. If Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Oswald, and Lord Windsor could not play, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Ernest Crawley, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. D. D. Pontifex, Mr. Langley, and Mr. Miles could and did. Mr. Miles, as the youngest player, deserves, perhaps, most credit for entering, and it was unlucky that he drew with Mr. Crawley for the first round. Mr. Miles plays a very hard, fast game; a kind exceedingly apt, under pressure, to go to pieces. He did not do very well against Mr. Crawley, but Mr. Crawley is a difficult player, and Mr. Miles was clearly nervous. For the rest, Mr. Kennedy beat Mr. Langley (a left-handed player, very deft and accomplished), and then fell before Mr. Crawley, who also beat Mr. Dudley Pontifex. Mr. Pontifex is a player to be studied by the beginner. His style is exceedingly good, very precise, and, if a little slow, still correspondingly sure. Mr. Pontifex plays with the air of a man approaching delicate problems and exacting situations. He moves to serve like a billiard-player proceeding to a spot-stroke, or a golfer to a difficult put. He is an exceedingly interesting player to watch, and you are only surprised that one should play so well and yet not reach the

last inch of accomplishment. With Mr. Pontifex and Mr. Kennedy disposed of, Mr. Crawley had but the two title-holders to meet, and of these, the second, Lord Windsor, scratched. Accordingly Mr. Crawley's challenge passed to Sir Edward Grey, and the result was one of the toughest battles of the season. So much have "affairs" engrossed the time of Sir Edward Grey of late, that he was expected to be not in his best form, and Mr. Crawley started a tolerably warm favourite. But the event produced a succession of surprises, and the dedans was kept crowded for nearly three hours. Mr. Crawley would always "go away," and Sir Edward would as regularly "get up." Every set was five games all; the first and third being won by Mr. Crawley, and the second by Sir Edward Grey. In the fourth Mr. Crawley lost a chance of winning the match with a record of three sets to one, his score standing once at five games to three, forty to fifteen; but he lost the game, and the set, and it would be difficult to imagine a more exciting five minutes of tennis than while this was being accomplished. Finally, Mr. Crawley won the fifth set, and with it the match and his first championship. It will be seen that the winner gained but one game more than the loser, and analysis gives 181 strokes to one player and 180 to the other! Thus ended the Queen's tournament with a flourish, so to say, of trumpets.

By the time the tournament at Queen's was finished, matches were rife on most Saturdays at Prince's, and occasionally at Queen's, while at Lord's the two o'clock Tuesday matches were beginning. Of these we can of course notice but a few. First, as to Mr. Lyttelton. Receiving first fifteen, and then fifteen for a bisque, he met Saunders twice, and twice was beaten. Twice, too, he met Latham, the first time conceding half fifteen for a bisque, when he was beaten three sets to love, on the second occasion meeting the professional at evens, when Mr. Lyttelton won three sets to one. The second of these matches was a considerable surprise to most of us. Mr. Lyttelton was in no extraordinary form; the court was Peter's favourite east court at Queen's, and himself appeared as fit as at any time. And yet, although beating his opponent with plenty in hand, and receiving but the most trifling odds a few weeks before, he now succeeded in making no headway against the "leading amateur." In other matches Peter succeeded rather easily in giving Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Crawley half fifteen, while against Fennell, on the same terms, he lost at Queen's and won at Lord's. The members' handicap at Prince's may be mentioned, for in it Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Crawley met, and the former wiped off the old score at Queen's by winning at three sets to love; a curious turning of the tables, which most cruelly could not be tempted again at Lord's, as Sir Edward found the duties of the General Election paramount to tennis, and retired before Mr. Crawley's challenge for the silver prize. For this year, as last year, Mr. Crawley won the Members' "All-Comers" Competition at Lord's, and while last year an attack of influenza prevented him meeting Sir Edward, now there was no Sir Edward to meet the challenger—to the regret of Sir Edward, we are sure, as much as of Mr. Crawley. In these circumstances there was but one sporting course for Mr. Crawley to take, and with admirable pluck he lost no time in approaching Mr. Lyttelton with a challenge for the gold prize. The match was accordingly arranged and resulted in the defeat of the challenger by three sets to one, Mr. Crawley winning the first set, and only narrowly losing the last. The two players are very different in style, Mr. Lyttelton so cool, Mr. Crawley so keen, Mr. Lyttelton so deliberate, Mr. Crawley so quick in his movements. As we have now almost done with Mr. Crawley, we would urge upon him a greater restraint in play. He sets to work too vigorously, and only his remarkable physical strength enables him to last to the end of a match. For the rest his strong stroke, extremely good even if with a tendency to twist, his service (a fair drop, and a peculiar and very hard underhand twist), his excellent return (especially his stop of forced balls which he will return cut), and his judgment, entitle him to a high place now, and should give him yet a higher place in the future.

Late in the season one four-handed match was played at Prince's, Mr. Lyttelton and Fennell opposing Mr. Crawley and Saunders. The art of the four-handed game is said to be gone from England, and indeed to-day it seems familiar to nobody. There is an annual four-handed match between Oxford and Cambridge, but the tactics then exhibited are

usually very crude; yet the game was not infrequently played at Cambridge ten years ago. The match at Prince's was bound to have interest, and proved to be hugely amusing, but it was not—as one wiseacre would murmur to another—it was not “the game.” Fennell defended the galleries with astonishing cleverness, and made one pretty boast off the main wall to the winning-gallery. Mr. Crawley was everywhere, now jumping into an opening out of the way of his partner's return, now with back to the tambour, ready for anything. Saunders defended the fore-hand side of the court and, served well as usual, and Mr. Lyttelton, playing back, forced terrifically for the dedans. We especially remember one game in which he sent three consecutive direct forces, very hard and very low, for the dedans, all of which were stopped and returned by Mr. Crawley. The game ended with a score of two sets all. Individually it was a display of much brilliance, but each side lacked the “corporate style”; and this, with the tactics of the game, they are hardly likely to endeavour to learn.

But the most important match of the season was that between Saunders and Latham, which was not decided until the players had met three times. Saunders has hitherto given Latham half thirty, but the odds conceded now were fifteen and a bisque, and a sum of twenty-five pounds was put up by each player. The first part of the match was played at Prince's, where Latham is usually to be seen to poor advantage; but on this occasion he had a different tale to tell. He played not only brilliantly, but carefully, perhaps a little nervously—for he did not use his bisque as subtly as he might, and also at times he served not altogether badly. The result of all this was that Saunders had to do as much as he knew to win; and whereas last year at the longer odds he won at three sets to one, now he only won at three sets to two. It was an extremely fine match, and was equalled when on the following Saturday the players met again at Queen's. Here Peter played with more confidence, but what little art he had in his service seven days before was gone now entirely, and his followers were annoyed by seeing him prepare to defend longish chases by giving either a round service or the most amateurish of side-walls. Only those who know Saunders's deadly treatment of easy balls, and Latham's wonderful power of return, will know what kind of rests will follow. However, Peter managed to win, and by the same difference as divided him and his antagonist at Prince's, their scores now standing at five sets all. The match was concluded by a third meeting in the new court at Cambridge, where, by the narrow margin of a set, Latham gained the victory. Thus it is considered that only fifteen divides the two players, and the question of how long it shall do so depends, we think, on Latham. Saunders is not likely to deteriorate for many years to come, nor is he likely to greatly improve. He is a player of great power, intelligence, resource, and perseverance; his style is excellent, and is of the sort that lasts. But if Peter could but realize the wickedness of his present habit of “serving” (with apologies to the word), and would set to work to learn something of the art, he would mount that fifteen very rapidly. At present, did he open the game with his eyes shut, he could hardly do worse, and his various deplorable exhibitions this season have tried hardly the faith of his admirers. We write as warm admirers of so much in Peter's performance that we do not fear his taking our sorrow for anger, and we are only too certain that his round services give us more chagrin than they do him. His accuracy in such strokes as the volley from the dedans' penthouse to the winning-gallery is remarkable, while his back-handed boasted forces are surer and more irresistible than ever. Seeing that Latham at rackets (where he is easily champion of the world) serves with great nicety and cleverness, it is the more odd that he should have this weak place in his tennis. And service he must get if he is to challenge comparison with the masters of the game. He has elegance, but he lacks that strength which comes with the backbone service. He succeeded lately, in a private match at Hewell Grange, in giving half thirty to George Lambert.

A word in conclusion on Manchester, and we have done. This handicap was shorn of some of its interest by the absence of Saunders and Fennell, but good play was shown by Gray (who, receiving half thirty, beat Latham) and the Whites, father and son. The final was decided by these, falling to the veteran (who received fifteen for a bisque)

after a hard tussle. This was a popular match, and a popular win; and we must all hope to see White do as much next year. With this the tennis of the year ended, and we cannot agree with those who count it a season of little interest. Mr. Crawley's matches alone are enough to save it from the charge of dullness.

#### PICTURE GALLERIES.

IF there are several conspicuous absentees to be noted at the winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, in Pall Mall East, there are members, both veterans and younger men, who are well, and even liberally, represented, such as—to name but a few—Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Brewtnall, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. C. N. Hemy, Mr. Tom Lloyd, Mr. Birket Foster, Mr. Thorne Waite, and Mr. S. J. Hodson. One of the most interesting features of what is, on the whole, an interesting exhibition is the various interpretations it presents of the official description “sketches and studies.” There are drawings that supply a rich and variegated field for the delectation of the young impressionist to whom the terms “finish” and “execution,” and all that they imply—methods that without being laboured are convincing of labour, whether wrought by the skilled and patient stippler, or by some freer and larger style of handling—are accursed. But here we have to do with the work of a body of artists with an historic past and memorable traditions, and unless we are prepared to admit that all past example in art is vain, and there is no virtue or salvation but in the last new “movement,” the “Old” Water-Colour Society justifies its existence in preserving the continuity of true succession. The beautiful drawing of “Oxford, from the Radcliffe Library” (175) by Mr. Goodwin, an artist of marked individuality, is Turneresque by community of spirit rather than direct influence. The point of view adopted by the artist, somewhere above the average house-top, recalls more than one of Pugin's masterly drawings of the city, and full of subtlety is Mr. Goodwin's vision of the pinnacles, towers, and spires of Oxford in the warm haze of declining day. “Salisbury Close” (158) and “Italian Moonlight” (99), two night-pieces, studies of city streets in very different conditions of atmosphere, are by the same artist, and not inferior in charm or accomplishment. The diversity of styles in the genuine sketches shown is well exemplified by the delicate elaboration of Mr. Goodwin's “Canterbury” (25), with its aerial presentment of cathedral and red-roofed houses, and the robust style of Mr. Hodson's “Bridge on the Reuss, Lucerne” (32), of Mr. R. W. Allan's strong but unatmospheric “Summer Day in the Highlands” (15), and Mr. Hemy's “In Falmouth Bay” (156), and capital sketch of shipping and moving water, “Portsmouth” (8). To pass from Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury's “Mill Pond” (70), with its microscopic treatment of nature, or Mr. G. A. Fripp's geological study of a rocky river-bed, “Force at Keld, Swaledale” (48), to Mr. Ernest Waterlow's vigorous and excellent “Over the Sand Hills” (134) is to experience the sensation of meeting extremes—littleness and breadth. Mr. Thorne Waite is at his best, not in his large drawing “Carting Corn” (31), but in some of the smaller drawings, in the “Romney Marsh” (118) and the “Harvest Field” (347), which are delightful examples of this admirable painter of landscape.

Mr. Holman Hunt contributes several characteristic and interesting designs, which are to be reproduced in illustration of a projected edition of Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia*, the most important of which are “The Hid Treasure” (245) and “The Lord appearing after the Resurrection to Mary Magdalen” (248). Mr. Walter Crane's versatility has found many channels of expression, and embraces landscape—“Niagara in Winter” (42) and “A Study at Nantucket” (255)—though it is not here that he commands admiration, but in his sketch “Neptune's Horses” (38), for example, where his skill in design and resourceful fancy are shown, if not in the fulness of the artist's strength, with admirable charm. Mr. Arthur Marsh's “The Message” (85), which occupies a prominent position in the Gallery, lacks the dramatic quality which is necessary to the perfect realization of the artist's pictorial aim, though the figures of fisher-folk are well drawn, and have both force and vitality. Mr.



Henshall's "La Coqueta" (25) is a vivacious study, and a replica of his one contribution to the Institute this winter. In "Armboth Fell" (163), a study of moorland and rocky gorge, Mr. Alfred Hunt shows his wonted observation of nature and the fulness of his charm as a colourist. For the rest, we must note the studies of birds by Mr. H. S. Marks, Mr. Brewtnall's "Walberswick" (171), and other Suffolk landscapes; Mr. Powell's fine study of sheeny sea (149), with fishing craft; Mr. Matthew Hale's very effective "Pendennis Castle"; and two capital studies by Mr. Eyre Walker (74 and 88).

The New English Art Club must be said to show in strength at the Dudley Gallery, despite certain odd, alien works which suggest that destiny, rather than free-will, must have conducted hither, and despite, also, the presence of certain merely feeble or trivial outgrowths, the irresponsible "sports" of impressionism. The offerings of admiring incapacity, in the shape of more or less dexterous imitations of M. Degas, Mr. Walter Sickert, and other leading members of the Club, have decidedly not been withheld. Examples there are of the kind of dexterity which, being quickly done, is quickly detected and gauged, as if caught in the very flagrant act of the specious and superficial performer. This kind of plague is, we suppose, inevitable when clever and gifted artists become associated by a community of thought and sympathy. It is for the Club to purge itself, and it should be able to do this without devouring its own children and without ignoring the outside elect, like a revolutionary Jacobinical committee. Whether the presence of Mr. Ruskin among the exhibitors be a sign and a wonder we cannot undertake to say. But we may consider the works of outsiders generally as affording some proof that intensity of vision and intensity of conviction in art are not invariably productive of an illiberal narrowness of judgment.

There are several paintings of non-members—as, for example, Miss Dora Noyes's "Study" (162), Miss Amy Atkinson's "Bubbles" (54), Mr. Bellingham Smith's "Evening" (52), Mr. Breitner's "East Wind" (48)—that reveal genuine artistic feeling, and are far removed from mere adroitness of handling. The exhibition, from the standpoint of the members, is altogether a strong and notable one. Remarkable, indeed, it could not fail to be, with Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Walter Sickert, represented in their most characteristic manifestations of inspiration and accomplishment; with M. Blanche's extremely fine "Study of a Girl's Head" (112), and a marvellous Degas—"Café Chantant" (29)—and with studies in landscape so various in aim and so expressive, as all fine paintings are, of the artistic qualities, and not of the artist's faculties, as Mr. Lindner's "Lingering Light" (111); Mr. W. H. Bell's "Wimbledon Common" (20); Mr. Buxton Knight's "Calling Cattle Home" (44); Mr. Francis Bate's "Rain in the Heavens" (51); Mr. Mark Fisher's "Village Street" (65); and Mr. Paterson's "Steelly March" (39), though in the tone of this last painting there is nothing of the roaring month, but rather the languor and luxury of colour that belong to a warmer season. In his portrait of "Miss Dunham" (99) Mr. John Sargent achieves the distinction of recalling the style of M. Carolus-Duran, not in the reminiscent fashion of a pupil, but with the mastery of one who has penetrated the arcana of art; in his "Portrait Study" (47) Mr. Sargent, suggestive of no school or master, surpasses the brilliant work just named, and all the individual qualities of the artist find the fullest expression. The selection of an unusual, or assertive, pose in preference to an habitual one is commonly a means towards an effective or showy presentment which is attended with immense difficulty and no small danger. Mr. Sargent's triumph in this excellent "study" is complete in this respect. There is no suggestion of laboured striving after effect in Mr. Wilson Steer's fascinating portrait (60) of a slim maiden all in blue. This delightful painting is not of the kind of work, as much else in the Dudley Gallery is, that provokes disputation, but is all-convincing and silences controversy. Something very like in character Mr. Steer's "Boulogne Sands" (8), and quite as vivacious and clever, we have seen at previous exhibitions. Of Mr. Walter Sickert's contributions, the "Portrait of Miss Minnie Cunningham" (91) is the most interesting and engaging, and the interest, as is usual with this painter's work, lies in the vivid actuality of the portraiture. Mr. F. Brown repeats in "Penserosa" (106) a scheme of colour—dark chestnut and rich Indian red—somewhat similar to that of his other study of the figure, "June" (95), and with

a finer sense of harmony. In his landscape, "Between the Showers" (53), we note a certain lack of unity. In conclusion, we must not omit to cite, as worthy of study, Mr. Arthur Tomson's charming "Garden of the Little Cats" (114); Mr. Sauter's "Portrait of Mrs. Binswanger" (74); Mr. Francis Forster's "Adagio" (69), in which "on ne voit rien, et tout y est"; Mr. Olsesen's "Full Moon and After Glow" (61), and Mr. Lindner's "Holy Island" (79).

#### LOCH FYNE.

THE beauty of the Western Highlands is at its greatest height during those months of the year when the tourist is not on the scene. Perhaps it is that his absence casts an enchantment over these districts thus left, during the last three months of the year, in their native solitudes. The nervous system, which has been constantly irritated through the summer and autumn by the presence of the moor-trotter, can now recover its calm, and the eye, which has been tortured and vexed by all the ugly machinery which is set in motion to keep the tourist "touring," can now rest gratefully on "the broad waters of the West" unruffled by paddle-wheels, and may gaze on mountain-passes through which the coaches have ceased to run, and the overworked cattle have gone on their last journey to the knacker's yard. The tourist is the loser. If we felt there was the slightest chance of his altering his usual habits, we would not tell him here how much he would be the gainer by changing the months in which he "does" his scenery. The sway that "habit and tradition" has over that class is complete, and if his professional interests enabled him to travel at this season, we know him too well to have the slightest fear that he will brave "the rigours of a Northern winter." For the initiated there is also a luxury in knowing that on five days out of ten, during November and December, it is possible and agreeable to sit out of doors; that the east winds do not trouble this earthly Paradise, and should they come are robbed of their sting, and only show their presence in sunless days, when the heavy dark clouds they have brought on their wings lie low on every side, and the hills look grey and shapeless, unlit by shadow or shine. But such days are rare, and the greater part of the winter passes with winds laden with heavy mists and rains from the south and west—skies grey and quiet, but with a temperature always warm, and honesty compels us to add, very enervating.

This is a true description of the whole of Argyllshire; but if Kintyre and the southern shores can boast a sunnier climate, where the fuchsia grows into hedges seven feet high, with a closeness resembling the yew, where the myrtle lives out of doors the year round, and is white with blossom in the summer, there is no portion of the county blessed with more splendid advantages of wood, water, and mountain than are to be found at the head of Loch Fyne. The summer tourist who takes the steamer from Greenock to Inveraray on an August day—in all probability a wet one—sees all that he is worthy of seeing in the brief half-hour allowed him before the bell rings which summons him for the return voyage; but the true lover of all that is beautiful will choose a day in October, and, taking the steamer from Greenock to Lochgilhead, will then mount the coach, and in the two hours spent on the eight miles through Hell's Glen he will have time to feast his eyes on what it is his good lot to see as he descends by winding and devious ways towards the shores of the Loch. The hour he reaches the point where the whole panorama suddenly lies at his feet is between three and four o'clock. The level sunbeams strike on the masses of wood, clothing the hills on the opposite side of the Loch to their very summits, and the "fiery finger" has dressed them from head to foot in dazzling red and gold—a striking contrast to the bare and rocky pass through which he has come. On a misty day the clouds lift at sunset and lie in broken masses along the sides of the hills, pierced through and melting in "the long light." The present time is a happy one; for the herring, after an absence of over twenty years, have returned in large shoals to the head of the Loch, and the fleet, often numbering a hundred and twenty sail, among them boats from distances as great as the Isle of Man, set sail for whatever spot is believed to be the fishing ground for that night. It is not much use to inquire why

any given spot is chosen; the men will usually reply they "just thought they would be there"; some say they saw the herring whale going past, and are following his knowing lead. Others assert that the water above where the shoal is lying has an obvious oily appearance, and again that they can mark the bubbles which come to the surface above the shoal. All these signs have been said to be non-existent by those who make the theories, but the boats are rarely mistaken in the ground selected.

Those who wish to know the taste of a herring, and who do not mind being disabused of the idea that what they have hitherto eaten are "caller herrin," should wait on the quay in the early morning and secure for their breakfasts the leviathans which the boats unload. A shilling will buy a supply which, with potatoes, is sufficient to feed a large family during the day with three of the best meals that can be had. But we must again remind ourselves that we do not wish to encourage the envious tourist to harry the coasts a second time in one year, and, besides, it were vain to attempt to describe the quality and excellence of these fish, fed in the upper waters of the Loch; and for the peace of mind of those who have to eat what the ordinary market supplies, it is as well not to enlighten them further. The sails of the fleet, red-brown in the sunset, to match the woods behind them, is a signal that life and prosperity have returned to the little burgh, whose regularly built streets and pier stand out on a little promontory, just opposite where the coach ends its stage. A steam ferry in a short half-hour lands the traveller in a town which will remind him of foreign lands, without for a moment losing its "dour" Scottish character; nor can he fail to be impressed with the air of self-assertion and importance which befits the capital of the county. To suggest that there are now other towns in Argyllshire more conveniently situated for business or more important in size is to fall at once beneath the contempt of the population, and to persist in such tactlessness is to run the gauntlet of remarks concerning the Gallows Hill, lying full in view, where in old times it was easy to dispose of an unpleasant visitor, and "no questions asked." At the top of the short but wide High Street stands the parish church, divided into half; and back to back on Sundays the collegiate ministers discourse to English and Gaelic congregations. The architect has left on record his opinion concerning the merits of this edifice, and none have ever ventured to gainsay the verdict pronounced by such a competent and confident authority. "It rivals," he modestly says, "the beauties of St. Peter's, and avoids the defects of St. Paul's." The sea-front of the town, with its background of courthouse, gaol, and all that pertains to the majesty of the law, is so imposing that at first sight it is easy to overlook the Castle, standing on one side of the town in "policies" so deeply wooded that the plain dark grey walls, in their four-square turreted simplicity, are half hidden in trees, and further obscured by the evening mists creeping up from the banks of the Aray. But for once in the history of houses built in the middle of the last century, the situation has been chosen with no view of gaining shelter, but because the whole estate could offer no fairer position. Each of the four turrets faces a point of the compass, and they stand like sentinels watching the mouths of the long glens which open on the great plateau on which the building stands. On the north side rises a hill of eight hundred feet, planted from foot to crest by Evelyn and his pupils. Beech and fir of giant size rise in ordered terraces, with an undergrowth thick as jungle of rhododendron and azaleas of every conceivable hue.

Everywhere the moss-trimmed and lichened trunks speak of a climate not lacking in moisture, but free of all the signs accompanying a rigorous temperature. For those who spend winter in these regions, days come when the late dawn breaks red on the eastern hills deep in snow standing "roundabout" the Loch, and the low grounds are white with hoar frost which does not long resist the unclouded sunshine of the short still day. Then it is that the Loch puts the Mediterranean to shame, and the hills below the snow-line seem turned into sunshine as the light strikes on the dead bracken and yellow grasses; and when the sun-set crimson brings out each line of the precipices on the great shoulder of Ben Cruachan—a very "far cry," though looking close by—cut out against the strong, clear, gloaming light, the dweller in these regions knows that he may fare very far ere he reaches a sight of greater splendour, or a climate better calculated to rob winter of its terrors.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

FEW expected that the Brussels Conference would come to anything, but fewer still, we fancy, were prepared for the action of the American delegates. The Conference assembled on the invitation of the United States Government; and, as the Belgian Finance Minister said when welcoming its members, it was for the delegates of that Government to lay before it a plan and to direct its discussions. But the American delegates practically confess that they have no plan—that they have come to Europe fishing for help. Over and over again the European nations have rejected bimetalism, and opinion has grown stronger against that policy of late years. It was notorious that neither our own country nor Germany would change its monetary system. The other day Austria-Hungary decided to adopt the single gold standard, and for some time past the Russian Government has been accumulating a vast hoard of gold. It was, therefore, perfectly certain that those four Governments, at any rate, would not even listen to a proposal for universal bimetalism. And yet the American delegates meet the Conference and tell their co-delegates that they have nothing else to put before them; that is the American policy, and to it they stick; but they are willing to discuss any proposals that any other delegates may bring forward. We venture to think that, under those circumstances, the proper course would have been to record with regret the inability of the Conference to accept the suggestions—we can hardly style them the proposals—of the American Government, and to separate as quickly as possible. One of our own delegates, however, we are sorry to say, has thought otherwise, and has taken upon him to lay a plan before the Conference. If possible, it is more objectionable than that of the American delegates. Substantially it comes to this—that, if the American Government will go on buying 54 million ounces of silver every year, the other Governments should combine to purchase about 5 millions sterling worth of the metal every year so long as the price is under 43*d.* per ounce; in other words, the heavily-burdened taxpayers of Europe are asked to club together for the purpose of enabling the owners of silver mines all over the world to sell their silver at about 4*d.* per ounce above its market value. Is Mr. Alfred de Rothschild so simple as to expect that this will be done? or is he a sly humourist who is poking fun at the American Government? Just fancy a Chancellor of the Exchequer asking the House of Commons to vote money for the purpose of buying silver which nobody wants, and which, in fact, could not be got into circulation if it were purchased. Again, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild expresses the opinion that India will suffer seriously if silver is allowed to depreciate further; therefore, his proposal is to some extent at all events made, as he confesses, in the interest of India. Is it in the least probable that the Russian Government, for example, with famine and cholera at home, will be so magnanimous, and so friendly to ourselves, as to come forward with a yearly contribution to help us to keep India quiet? Lastly, we would ask whether any one seriously believes that the United States Government can go on very much longer buying 54 million ounces of silver every year—unless, indeed, it is prepared to see all its gold sent abroad, and to have a grave crisis in every important city in the Union? Already the press all over the Union is discussing the probability that the American Government will have to borrow in gold to keep silver at an artificial value. And yet Mr. Alfred de Rothschild quietly asks the American Government to go on doing what it is perfectly evident it cannot do. It is hardly necessary to criticize the plan further. It is objectionable from every point of view, and it is utterly impracticable. What could be done with the silver if it were bought? and why should taxpayers increase their taxation to benefit mine-owners? Would the mine-owners consent to give an equivalent advantage to the taxpayers, and what form would the advantage take? The whole plan is absurd, and we regret that it has been placed before the Conference by a British delegate.

During the first three days of the week there was a fairly good demand for short loans, owing to the usual requirements at the end of the month and the Stock Exchange settlement. On Wednesday as much as 3½ per cent. was paid in some cases. But the demand, as already said, was purely temporary, and has now fallen away. The discount rate in the open market is weak—barely 2½ per cent.—business being occasionally done even below that figure.



The market is in a very undecided state. There are fears that large withdrawals will be made by Russia; it is known that various loans will soon be brought out for Continental Governments; and, though it is extremely probable that large amounts of gold will be exported from New York, on the other hand it is not unlikely that the United States Government may borrow in gold to prevent a crisis.

The price of silver has recovered to 39 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ounce, many in the City hoping that something may come of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's proposal at the Monetary Conference. Few, indeed, expect that the various Governments will carry out any proposals for extending the use of silver that may be recommended by the Conference; but it is hoped that, if the Conference should make recommendations, there may be a temporary recovery. The most careful observers, however, feel that this is living in a fool's paradise, and that we are on the eve of the stoppage of silver purchases by the United States. Already the American press, which up to now ridiculed all predictions that the Act of 1890 would bring about a crisis, is acknowledging that the Act was a grave mistake, and must be repealed without delay.

The stock markets are unsettled and discouraged. The Argentine Finance Minister is reported to have recommended the suspension of the funding of the interest on the Debt, as arranged for by the Rothschild Committee. It is not very clear whether the recommendation has been addressed to Congress, or whether it is merely the private opinion of the Minister submitted to the President, or a proposal brought forward in the Cabinet. Neither does it appear what the Finance Minister proposes to do if his recommendation should be acted upon. But the fact that he has recommended something of the kind is regarded as new evidence that no Argentine Government can be depended upon to carry out any agreement. The whole South American market, therefore, has given way. Whatever the real facts are, the incident bears out the soundness of the advice which has been given continually in these columns to investors, not to be led away by the sanguine temper of the Stock Exchange, and to leave Argentine Government securities alone. Industrial securities, such as railway stocks, may be worth buying if judgment is exercised, but nobody can tell how the debt will ultimately be settled. Inter-Bourse securities are affected by the Panama inquiry, the fall of the French Ministry, and the discussion of the military Bills in Germany. It is feared that the Panama inquiry may lead to disclosures which may result in the prosecution of people who are usually great operators in the market. More serious than all these influences, however, is the dread of a crisis in the United States. The public there seems to be at length awakening to the gravity of the situation, and discussions are going on in the press as to whether the Government ought not at once to stop the purchases of silver, and raise a considerable loan in gold. If the purchases are stopped, there will be, at all events, a temporary fall in silver, which must have a serious effect upon all silver securities. And if a large loan is raised, the money market will be disturbed, and rates may rise suddenly and inconveniently. We repeat, then, what we have often said before, that investors should for the time being keep aloof from the American market. If they do, they will in all probability be able to buy much more advantageously by-and-by. Trade at home is depressed. The railway traffic returns are falling off, the lowering of wages is going on, there is no prospect of an early termination of the Cotton dispute, and a great strike in the South Wales coal trade seems imminent. In the last place, there have been rumours that the Murrieta liquidation is proceeding very unsatisfactorily—much more so than the worst feared—and there are hints even of possible legal proceedings. On Thursday the shares of a Trust Company interested fell nearly 50 per cent., having fallen the day before about 10 per cent. The Trust has also suffered because an American Brewery Company largely owned by it has been unable to pay a dividend.

During November, however, there was some improvement in the shipbuilding trade in Scotland. During the month 26 vessels, with an aggregate measurement of 25,207 tons, were launched, against a tonnage of 44,231 in the corresponding month of last year. For the eleven months the tonnage launched was 363,855 tons, against 332,412 in the corresponding period of last year. But the prices now are very much lower, and there are fears that the depression in the shipping trade will be increased by these constant addi-

tions. The vessels, in fact, are not needed; owners are buying rather because prices are so low than because the ships are wanted.

There is little change in British and Indian Government securities, but Victoria Three and a Half closed on Thursday at 92, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Home Railway stocks have generally declined, though not very much, with the exception of Brighton "A," which closed on Thursday at 146 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ . London and North-Western, however, closed at 172 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . In the American market there is a general fall, most considerable in the investment stocks. Thus, to begin with the purely speculative, not suited to the investor, Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Erie closed at 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and Union Pacific closed at 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Coming next to the dividend-paying shares, we find Illinois Central closed on Thursday at 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and Lake Shore closed at 133, a fall of 2. Argentine Railway stocks are generally lower. Thus Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 78-80, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 125-7, also a fall of 2. The Argentine 1886 Five per Cent. bonds closed at 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of as much as 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  compared with the preceding Thursday, and the Funding Loan closed at 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Uruguayan Three and a Half closed at 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 1. Inter-Bourse securities are generally lower, with the exception of Greeks, which are nearly all higher. Thus, the Greek bonds of 1881 closed on Thursday at 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  compared with the preceding Thursday. In miscellaneous securities there has been a large business in the shares of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Company, which closed on Thursday at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  on the week.

#### CROCODILES.

"THE river Nilus nourisheth the Crocodile; a venomous creature, four footed, as dangerous on water as land. This beast alone, of all others that keepe the land, hath no use of a tongue; he only moveth the upper jaw or mandible, wherewith he biteth hard: and otherwise terrible he is, by reason of the course and ranke of his teeth, which close one within another, as if two combs grew together. Ordinarily he is above eightene cubits in length. His feet be armed with claws for offence, and his skin so hard, that it will abide any injury whatsoever and not be pierced." Thus quaintly, and with the odd mixture of fact and fable so common to all old-world writers, does Pliny, or rather his seventeenth-century translator Philemon Holland, Doctor of Physicke, describe the crocodile.

Crocodiles have always exercised a weird fascination over men, with the result that the ancient Egyptians worshipped them while living and made mummies of them when dead, and that books of natural history and travel in all ages have abounded in anecdotes and fables concerning them. Indeed, there are so many of these wonderful stories extant that it would be easy to fill a volume with them. We only propose, however, on the present occasion, to notice two of the best known and most generally believed. That which related the method of attack supposed to be adopted by the ichneumon on his enemy the crocodile was found in grave works on natural history so late as the end of the last century, as it is set out in full in the pages of Dr. Brookes's *History of Quadrupedes*, though it is only fair to that erudite author to add that he says "We know that it must be false." Holland, in his translation of Pliny's "Natural History," referred to above, gives the story as follows:—"When he [the crocodile] hath filled his belly with fishes, he lieth to sleep upon the sands in the shore: and for that he is a great and greedie devourer, somewhat of the meat sticketh evermore between his teeth, in regard whereof commeth the wren, a little bird called there Trochilos, and the king of birds in Italy: and shew for her victuals' sake, hoppeth first about his mouth, falleth to pecking or picking it with her little neb or bill, and so forward to the teeth which he cleaseth, and all to make him gap. Then getteth shew within his mouth, which he openeth the wider, by reason that he taketh so great delight

in this her scraping and scouring of his teeth and chaws. Now when he is lulled as it were fast asleep with this pleasure and contentment of his: the rat of India, or Ichneumon above-said, spieth his vantage and seeing him lye thus broad gaping, whippeth into his mouth and shooteth himselfe downe his throat as quicke as an arrow, and then gnaweth his bowels, eateth an hole through his belly, and so killeth him." Topsell, of course, relates this story, but he enlarges on and gloats over the misery of the unfortunate reptile, which he calls a serpent; for he tells us that the crocodile after the attack "tumbleth to and fro sighing and weeping, now in the depth of water, now on the land, never resting till strength of nature fayleth. For the incessant gnawing of the Ichneumon so provoketh her to seek her rest, in the unrest of every part, herbe, element, throwes, throbs, rowlings, tossings, mournings, but all in vaine, for the enemy within her breatheth through her breath, and sporteth herselfe in the consumption of those vitall parts, which wast and weare away by yeelding to impacifiable teeth, one after the other, till shee that crept in by stealth at the mouth, like a puny theefe, come out at the belly like a conqueror through a passage opened by her owne labour and industry." This last author, by the way, has a wonderful picture of a hippopotamus lifting up in his mouth a crocodile—apparently rigid with terror—by the tail, which he says "was taken out the Colossus In the Vatican at Rome representing the River Nylus, and eating of a Crocodile."

The other story which gave rise to the proverbial expression "crocodile's tears" was universally believed in old times. The author of the *Voiage and Travayle of Sir John Maundeville Knight* says:—"In many places of Inde are many cocodrilles—that is, a manner of a long serpent. These serpents sley men and eate them weping, and they have no tongue." While Topsell writes, "There are not many brute beasts that can weepe, but such is the nature of the Crocodile that to get a man within his danger, he will sob, sigh, and weepe as though he were in extremetie, but suddenly he destroyeth him." Others say that the Crocodile weepeth after he hath devoured a man." Both Shakspeare and Spenser, be it observed, notice this fable; the former says:—

The mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

while the latter in his *Faerie Queen* relates the story in a passage much too long for quotation. With the following extract from Topsell, which is too good to be passed over, though it does not relate to either of our fables, we must leave this branch of our subject:—"Some have written that the Crocodile runneth away from a man if he winke with his left eye, and looke steadfastly upon him with his right eye, but if this be true, it is not to be attributed to the vertue of the right eye, but onely to the rarenesse of sight which is conspicuous to the serpent from one eye."

The position of the crocodile in the animal kingdom was a terrible puzzle to naturalists of old, and has, indeed, been but very recently determined. Pliny and most of the mediæval authorities who copied him placed it among the serpents; but Belon placed it with the fishes, and over his woodcut, which represents the animal walking along a river bank with "one foot in sea and one on shore," we find "Portrait du Crocodile, poisson du Nil," while below is the following quatrain:—

Le Nil produit des monstres perilleux,  
Lors que d'Egypte arrouse le pais.  
Mais entre ceux, dont sommes esbahiz,  
Le Crocodile est le plus merveilleux.

The naturalists of the last century, including Linnæus, classed it with the lizards, but in our modern classification the crocodiles, gavials, and alligators form an order Crocodilia by themselves. It is not surprising that the naturalists of the last and the early part of this century should thus have classed the crocodilians with the lizards, when we consider that they were guided by external appearances only, and paid little, if any, attention to anatomy; but anatomically there are many and great differences between the two orders, differences which in this article it is impossible even to touch on, and there is no doubt that their respective places in the animal kingdom have at last been rightly determined. Popular misconceptions die hard, and it is therefore not surprising that two errors respectable from their age should still hold their ground—namely, that the crocodilians are lizards, and that crocodile and alligator are

synonymous terms—but that they do so is indisputable. Sir S. W. Baker, for example, who has probably as extensive an acquaintance with these reptiles in their native haunts as any one living, cherishes both these errors, for in his very interesting book, *Wild Beasts and their Ways*, he says, "We find the largest of all lizards, the crocodile, under various names, in nearly every river of the tropics. In America this reptile is generally known as an alligator, and some persons pretend to define the peculiarity which distinguishes that variety from the crocodile, but I regard the distinction in the same light as that between the leopard and the panther, the difference existing merely in a name." Yet, as we have said, the Crocodilia are not lizards, and the true crocodiles are distinct from the alligators. Among the points of distinction the following are the most noticeable. In the crocodiles the so-called canine tooth, the fourth counting from the front, fits into a notch in the side of the upper jaw, and is, therefore, visible when the mouth is closed, while in the alligator it is received in a pit in the upper jaw, and is, therefore, invisible, or nearly so. Again, in the crocodiles the hind-legs have a fringe of flattened scales which is wanting in the alligators, whose legs are round. Crocodiles are found in Africa, Asia, the tropical parts of Australia, Central America, and the West Indies; while the alligators, with the exception of one species discovered some few years since in China, are found only in America. They are all of them terribly destructive creatures; the young feed principally on fish, but as they grow larger they attack every animal that they can overpower, dragging their prey into the water, and so drowning it. It has been said that more people are killed by crocodiles than by any other of the wild beasts of Africa. To those who wish to know more of this part of the subject we commend Sir S. W. Baker's book mentioned above. The Crocodilia are, as every one is aware, thoroughly aquatic in their habits, and their peculiar conformation enables them to attack and seize their prey unawares. Their nostrils, which lead by a long canal to the back part of their throats, their eyes and their ears, are placed on the upper part of the head, so that when in the water they can breathe, see, and hear while they are themselves practically invisible. When they dive their nostrils and ears are closed by lids or valves, and their eyes are covered by a transparent nictitating membrane. They are further furnished with an arrangement which prevents the water from getting down their own throats when they are holding large animals under the water to drown them. The dentition of these reptiles is peculiar; the teeth are sharp and conical, and are hollow at the base, and each tooth serves as the sheath of another, which will in time replace it. The tongue—for, notwithstanding the ancient belief, the crocodile does possess a tongue—is fleshy, and is attached to the bottom of the mouth. And finally the lower jaw is hinged at the very back of the skull, thus giving the animal its extraordinary gape, and also the peculiar appearance which caused the notion that it moved its upper jaw.

Though in the foregoing remarks we have barely touched the fringe of crocodile lore, space will not permit us to do more than draw attention to the fact that at the present time the reptile house at the Zoo is more than usually well furnished with crocodiles and alligators, ranging in size from mere babies of a few inches in length to the well-known Mississippi alligator, which has lived in the gardens for more than eight years, and is now about 11 feet long, and has by no means done growing. The collection includes at least one specimen of the hill crocodile, and two of the recently discovered Chinese alligators. In conclusion, we may observe that these animals are not always the quiet, voiceless creatures that they generally seem to be, but that on occasion they can and do hold an extremely noisy, roaring concert.

#### DEATH IN THE TIN.

THE recent poisoning case at Hampstead, where several members of a family were made dangerously ill by partaking of minute portions of a tinned tongue, has brought into notice a danger of which the public in general has hitherto been unaware. That the contents of tins were liable to turn putrid, either with or without a bulging of the metal case, has of course been common knowledge ever since this method of packing perishable goods was first invented. One of the earliest results of this peril, and perhaps



the most lamentable that has ever occurred, dates back to the last Arctic expedition of Sir John Franklin. After many search parties sent from England in hopes of discovering some tidings of the lost explorer had toiled in vain, one happened, after fourteen years had elapsed, upon the spot on Beechey Island, where the ill-fated *Erebus* and *Terror* had passed their first winter. Here were found some seven hundred tins of preserved meat, which had apparently been condemned as unfit for food—a surmise that was abundantly confirmed by the fact that an enormous number of similar tins supplied to others of Her Majesty's Ships at the same period had also proved unfit for food. It is not improbable that the loss of so large a proportion of the unsalted provisions materially contributed to the disastrous fate of the expedition. Since Franklin's time the use of tinned articles of food has gradually attained extraordinary dimensions. They are still largely used in the Royal Navy, and are also obligatory under the Board of Trade regulations as an important portion of the medical stores that are required to be carried in all British merchant vessels. But in addition they are found at the present time in almost every inhabited spot in the whole world; as luxuries in places remote from civilization, and nearer home as articles of common consumption among all classes of the community. The trade in tinned meat has attained gigantic proportions, despite the importations of frozen mutton from Australia and New Zealand, and the well-organized lines of cattle-ships that ply across the Atlantic ferry. Fruits of all kinds in syrups and vegetables of endless variety are a comparatively new feature of the industry, and the growth of the fish-canning business in Newfoundland has necessitated diplomatic interference.

In these days, then, when the stock of every grocer's shop largely consists of tinned provisions, it is alarming to be told by "an analyst of acknowledged authority," who has been interviewed by an evening paper, that the latest case of poisoning was in all probability due to the presence of certain bacteria whose presence it is difficult (and it may be impossible) to detect. There are, it appears, three separate conditions under which the contents of a tin may become unfit for food. Of these lead-poisoning is the simplest. Tins, which are actually constructed of tinned iron, have to be fastened with solder, which necessarily contains lead. The acid of the contents has an affinity for lead, and as yet no satisfactory method has been devised for keeping the two apart. Wherefore, says the specialist, "no acid things should be tinned. Fruit and vegetables—peaches, pine-apples, tomatoes, &c.—of course contain acid, and are therefore the most dangerous. The syrup should never be taken on any account." These remarks are alone calculated to cause a shudder in many a suburban household. Secondly, we have the tins in which the contents, from one cause or another, have become putrid. Such are, happily, easy of detection on being opened, or from the suspicious bulging of the ends of the case. It is sufficiently disgusting, however, to read that "some dishonest traders will bore a hole, let the gases inside escape, and then solder up the hole," to avoid detection. Thirdly, and far worse than the other two contingencies, we have the aforesaid bacteria, here known as ptomaines, belonging, doubtless, to that army of infinitesimal hobgoblins of recent discovery, as to whom the best that can be said is that so far they scarcely seem to have justified their existence. Like other of their kind, they are imperceptible—"the danger of the poison of ptomaines lies in their having neither taste nor smell." In the case at Hampstead it is declared that the poison was transmitted in two instances by the knife and fork that had been used to carve the ptomaine-infected tongue. Now ptomaines exist (so says our authority) in all animal matter. Innocuous during their habitat's life, they begin to excrete alkaloid poison after death. One might, therefore, imagine that they are present in full virulence in well-hung game, and the eggs beloved by the Chinese; but as to this we are given no information. It is good, however, to be told that the ptomaines which are enclosed in tins may be completely snuffed out if the food be "sufficiently sterilized." In other words, the tins, when filled, must be sufficiently heated to kill the bacteria. Some foods, however—*e.g.* lobster and salmon—require longer heating than others to effect this result; and, in these days of competition, manufacturers are too anxious for economy, and are prone to "cut the line very fine." Therefore, it seems not unreasonable that some of the fatalities that have occurred "were no doubt due to lead poisoning, but probably more were

caused by ptomaines." But surely, if these statements of our expert are not exaggerated, we may well admit, in the words of a much too familiar comic song, that it is "wonderful we're still alive"—any one of us.

#### THE "DETESTED MIDDLE-CLASSES."

**A**RISTOTLE'S "great-souled" man, who, "being worthy of great things, esteems himself worthy of great things," would, no doubt, be considered to-day a prig and a bore. All the same, a little of this quality of "great-souledness" is by no means undesirable as an element in character, and that total absence of even legitimate self-esteem which is so often misalled by the name of modesty is not seldom a source of serious weakness. Some men and some classes of men would be, not alone happier, but also more useful, if they could only be got to set a proper value upon themselves. He who, being told that he is a mean wretch, receives the statement without an obstinate disinclination to believe it, and without a strong inclination to pull the nose of the man who makes it, is one from whom no important contribution to the public weal may safely be expected. And yet the attitude of this poor-spirited creature is precisely that which is taken up at the present time, in the face of the foulest slanders, by the middle-class section of English society. On the one hand, we have the mob orators reviling "the idle rich," and calling for the prompt application of all manner of "remedies" for poverty at the expense of the "detested middle-classes." On the other hand, we have a daily increasing tendency among the middle-classes themselves to acquiesce in, if not to indorse, all the calumnies heaped upon their order by the "friends of labour," and to accept as inevitable—indeed, zealously to press for the prompt execution of—vast projects of plunder, thinly disguised as "social reforms."

It is high time that, all false self-depreciation being laid aside, the lie direct should be given to the shameful accusation, reiterated beyond all endurance, that through the chicanery of our iniquitous capitalist system the middle-classes secure for themselves a grossly unfair share of the wealth of the world—that wealth which, as the cant phrase goes, "is produced by the labour of the working-classes." As if the only people who did any work worthy of the name were those who toil with their hands, and as if wealth could be produced without the capital and the brains of "the idle rich"! Certainly, it is not for the sake of capturing the votes of the working-men among the electors that politicians of every complexion are jostling over one another in their frantic eagerness to come to the front as propounders of "advanced" schemes for the benefit of "the poor working-man." Whatever may have been thought before the late election, we all know now that "the Labour vote" is to all intents and purposes a negligible quantity. When Codlin, M.P., and Short, M.P., come forward with rival proposals for free everything, the votes for which these astute legislators are angling are those of the middle-class social reformers, the people who honestly believe that the poor are being robbed by "the idle rich," and first and foremost by themselves, the grasping, useless middle classes. "Rich," indeed! Why, the great bulk of these penitent plutocrats scarcely know what luxury is. While many a working-man thinks nothing of spending one-fifth of his income in beer, and very often devotes another large slice to "tape" betting, the small employers and shopkeepers whose votes may with confidence be reckoned on by whichever candidate promises to do the most for the poor are, as a rule, only able to make two ends meet, and to put by a meagre provision for wife and children by dint of the most anxious economy and by the constant exercise of the most strenuous self-denial. To talk of the average employer as "rich" is the merest nonsense. "Rich," forsooth! a man who confines himself to one cigar a day, who can afford nothing better than Algerian claret, who, if little Johnnie, who has had the measles, is to get that extra fortnight at Margate or at Southport, must needs give up the five days' fly-fishing so keenly looked forward to all the year, is not exactly a Cæsar. And then the "idleness" of the middle-classes! It is scarcely too much to say that there are very few employers who do not work—exertion for exertion—half as hard again as the average workman in their factory. Still, the tub-thumper rails

against "the idle middle-classes," and clamours for the compulsory shortening of the working-day, so that the "Trade-Unions may be able to 'corner' labour, and send wages up to five shillings an hour; and for municipal workshops in order that the lazy loafer whom no employer will keep in his service one day longer than he can help, may be well paid for doing nothing by the ratepayers; and for public pensions to those who might have saved but would not. In short, the cry for the plunder of the Haves by the Have-nots is raised; and the Haves, and in particular the Have-littles, on all sides echo, "Tax! tax! tax!" Now, that there should be many poor but few rich is a fact for which, however much we may deplore its existence, the middle-classes, who lead the van of so-called social reform, are really not specially responsible. So that all this zeal for restitution is somewhat misplaced, and assuredly lacks discretion. For it is better that there should be many poor and few rich than that we should all be poor; and that is the state of things into which, if this policy of free everything is carried out, this country will indubitably drift. If our soft-hearted, and still more soft-headed, social reformers have their way, the position of the workman who is willing to do a fair day's work for a fair day's wage will be little, if at all, more comfortable than that of the object of all this misplaced sympathy—the shiftless scamp who never did an honest stroke of work in his life. And all inducement to industry and thrift having thus been removed, the wild endeavour to secure by ill-considered "reforms" a juster distribution of wealth will end in the speedy disappearance of all wealth whatever.

## REVIEWS.

### MR. AUSTIN'S NEW POEM.\*

IT is to be feared that the very felicitous title which Mr. Alfred Austin has hit upon for his new dramatic poem may inspire some of his readers with expectations destined to disappointment. A drama illustrative of the contrast between the hero's name and his description and setting forth the figure and career of a philosopher at war with a scheme of things which had nothing but favours for himself would have promised well; but this is not quite what Mr. Austin has given us. His *Fortunatus*, except as regards the accidents of wealth and position, does not seem to have been specially lucky in past life, but rather the reverse; and his pessimism, though it may correspond fairly enough to the frame of mind which in loose and popular parlance passes by that name, is not pessimism properly so called. But this is a cavil perhaps unworthy of all but those who are nothing if not critical. In this, as in Mr. Austin's dramatic poems generally, the reader who loves poetry for its own sake, and is content with such "drama" as it may please the gods to provide, will find plenty to admire—more indeed than in most of its forerunners. The conversion of the gloomy Duke to a happier view of life by the instrumentality partly of a simple, loving, but highly cultivated, country maiden, and partly of a "forest foundling," April by name, who turns out to be his own natural daughter, is worked out in four acts of unequal length and slight constructive texture. The poem ends with a series of surprises. Urania's father, the yeoman Franklin, turns out to be the rightful Duke, while *Fortunatus*, whose suit Urania had previously rejected by reason of her secret devotion to the unknown author of a poem which had captivated her some years before, turns out to be the poet himself. Franklin, who, "sick in his youth of splendour, but too weak to bear its burdens sternly," had long ago put off his ducal dignity, and now reproaches himself with having thus laid upon his young kinsman's life "a load 'neath which he staggers," resumes his title. April dies, and *Fortunatus* quits his castle to share with Urania that life of rural simplicity which she has always led, and which is to prepare the now converted pessimist for ultimate succession under more hopeful auspices to the honour of the dukedom.

The story, it will be seen, is loosely knit enough, and the subordinate character of the demon-pedlar, Abaddon, who schemes to bring the hero and heroine together, is the chief study among the personages. This said Abaddon is conceived with sufficient audacity; for while his chief aims and spiritual occupations are, as we have said, those of Mephistopheles, he further enters into deliberate competition with a smaller, but still perfect, creation of a greater creator, one Autolycus. "The impudence of these

devils!" some will say. Yet Mr. Austin has brought his devil off pretty well harmless, which is no small feat. The dialogue, which the poet still handles with his wonted grace and dignity, is a little overweighted with speculation; the native hue of his rural Muse's cheek too often shows sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; but the lilting lyrics scattered as abundantly as usual over the pages of the drama are most of them in Mr. Austin's best manner. They are saturated with that feeling for country life which is his distinguishing mark as a poet, rich in happy touches of observation and description, full of careless grace, and resonant with a merry woodland music of their own. The songs to the Four Seasons in the first act, and the four companion lyrics set to a different measure in Act II. (though in the second of these we should suggest "bawling" as an emendation—if it be not a necessary typographical correction—for "bawling") are excellent specimens of an order of poetry which Mr. Austin has made specially his own.

Of the blank-verse portions of *Fortunatus* it must, moreover, be admitted that they have the qualities of their defects. If the line labours too much with thought, its pregnancy is of the fruitful, and not of the abortive, kind. The poem shows no decline in that power of terse and gnomic utterance which we have learned to look for in the author's work. He is at his best in the passages of dialogue between *Fortunatus* and Abaddon, the Mephistophelian pedlar, who is also, as has been already indicated, the most strongly-drawn figure in the drama; but many an acute reflection upon life and morals is assigned to the speeches of other personages, and receives expression from them with unvarying felicity of phrase. The only possible quarrel is, as above hinted, not with the utterances of Mr. Austin's hero, or his fellows, or the scene, but with the fundamental conception of that hero's character, considered as a pessimist. The words put into his mouth are, no doubt, in perfect keeping with the character presented to us; but then his proper name is "*Fortunatus the Egoist*." We must entreat our poets not to lend their countenance to popular errors. The word pessimism may, no doubt, be employed legitimately enough in another than the strictly scientific sense. It may be used for the sake of convenience, and with no great risk of misconception, to describe not only on the intellectual side a certain philosophy of the Universe, but also on the moral side the peculiar moods of mind, be they melancholy or sardonic, which that philosophy, if genuinely embraced, must needs beget. But in the interests of clear thinking and accurate nomenclature, we must protest against the name of pessimism being applied to any form of melancholy or cynical humour which is not the product of the philosophy aforesaid. Pessimism, in short, is no mere personal discontent with a personal experience of life, but a general theory that life as a general thing is "a *sair sichts*."

However, this is an objection something savouring of the schools to a book which, after all, is not a philosophical treatise, but a poem. And an unusually satisfactory poem it is when we dismiss the questions whether *Fortunatus* is not suffering rather from *Katzenjammer* than anything else, whether Franklin does not occasionally exhibit that tendency of poetical dukes to prose which was shown even in the case of Isabel's eccentric lover when Vienna was a dukedom, and so forth. The important thing is that the piece, assisted partly by the character of Urania, which is a noble and engaging one, and still more by that of Abaddon, takes hold of the reader, and, aided not a little by its lightly moving wings of lyric, carries him along in better and better satisfied condition, and leaves him well pleased with himself, itself, and the author.

### NOVELS.\*

*AN American Monte Cristo* is the story of a young man, Keppel Darke, falsely accused of murdering Harry Trent, a diamond merchant of New York. After the murderer's death, a New Orleans widow, Mrs. Sally Matchin, is discovered to have been for many years secretly married to the victim, and, as his widow, she takes possession of all his property. Olympia Raven, beloved by Keppel Darke, and her mother, Mrs. Raven, for a long time under the protection of Harry Trent, at his death are suddenly left in great poverty. Olympia believes firmly in the innocence of her lover, who, arrested and convicted on circumstantial evidence of the murder, is sent to Sing-Sing, the Newgate of New

\* *An American Monte Cristo*. By Julian Hawthorne. London: Allen & Co. 1892.

*Infelix*. By Lady Duntze. 1 vol. London: Ward & Lock. 1892.

*One Way of Love*. By Constance Smith. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

*Miss Blanchard of Chicago*. By Albert Kevill-Davies. F. V. White & Co. 1892.

\* *Fortunatus the Pessimist*. By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.



York State. On his way there the train is wrecked, and every one in the carriage is killed, except the hero. Keppel then unlocks his handcuffs and places them on the corpse of a young man who looks exactly like himself. He makes his way to a ruined house, finds a man dying with yellow fever; during the latter's ravings Keppel discovers that there is a vast treasure in unset stones hidden in the house, sent by the late Emperor of the French, in case of his own downfall, to be kept in America, to provide for future residence there. Yellow fever claiming its victim, Keppel Darke promptly takes the treasure, disappears for two years, then returns to New York with the assumed title of the Count de Lisle. There he meets his old love, who is still faithful to the memory of the man she believes to have been killed in the train on his way to Sing-Sing. The Count now begins an amazing life in Gotham; but we will not spoil the story by telling any more of the plot, the author's object naturally being to discover the real murderer, convict the guilty, and allow the hero to resume his old place in the world and in the heart of the woman he loves.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne bears an honoured name in American literature, and a new work from his pen cannot fail to be of interest. *An American Monte Cristo* possesses a great deal that is fine; but as a complete work it cannot be said to reach the standard of his previous efforts. It is of the sensational order, certainly very exciting, and filled with startling incidents enough. It is possible that the plot is based upon the celebrated Nathan murder, which startled New York and astounded all America some twenty years ago, and, as the mystery was never cleared up nor the murderer discovered, on taking up this story, *An American Monte Cristo*, we had hoped to find an ingenious inductive explanation, in the style of Poe's "Marie Roget," of how this murder might have been done. The author loses himself by not condensing or localizing, and by too quickly transferring the incidents of the plot to a foreign soil. After the hero, Harry Trent, is murdered in New York, we are taken hurriedly thence to Paris. We are treated to an interview in the Tuileries with the late Napoleon, his aides, generals, and several devoted servants. Diamonds to the value of twenty millions sterling are quietly despatched to New York, and we are led to believe that this treasure—for the Emperor's use later on—was the real cause of the first-named murder. This is bad art; it would have been better to have begun the story with this chapter. Then the succeeding events following in their proper sequence would have made the impossible possible, and the unreal real. It has become the fashion for authors of the present day to take up celebrated trials and make novels out of them; but the difficulty of making romances of old realities is that the one trait, truth, which dominates the real world, is the one which, by its violence, in a work of fiction or art, is sometimes absolutely misplaced. The plot here is picked out and not worked out, and the hero is the least interesting of all the characters. There are likewise several points which should be noticed. Mr. Hawthorne has not explained sufficiently Keppel Darke's agitation when arrested for the murder; he has also forgotten that twenty years ago in America it is most unlikely that not one person could be found able to decipher a cryptogram, especially after the then all-recent memory of Poe's famous scarabee. There is some very evident carelessness in calling a man a baron at the top of a page, and ten lines later calling him a count; also in the construction of certain sentences. For instance:—"Olympia Raven, since the night of the Count's ball," &c., should certainly be written, "Since the night of the Count's ball Olympia Raven had been in a condition to give her friend Mrs. Banwick some anxiety." Another (p. 31):—"On the morning of the Trent tragedy, at about eight o'clock, Olympia Raven awoke from the sleep of health and innocence, and remembered that she had an appointment at ten-thirty." And (p. 48):—"Mrs. Raven had dropped into a chair and was emitting hysteric cries"—surely it is better to say "Mrs. Raven had dropped into a chair and was crying hysterically." Another distinct phase of a woman's character is this: the wedding-day of this long-suffering pair finally comes round. "Olympia was so excited that she forgot to wait for her carriage, and went to church on foot." That for a woman! In a wedding gown, too! Incredible, and certainly most un-American. It is true she had waited three years to be married; but this haste was unlike that of Enoch Arden's, who, after waiting all his life, could still wait a little longer; and he is supposed to have loved very deeply.

*Infelix* is called a society story, and does not vary much from the ordinary novel, with the exception that, whereas the ordinary novel has a plot, this work is absolutely devoid of one. The book is in one volume, and the characters, few in number, although absolutely conventional, are for the most part fairly well drawn. If not the work of a novice, it seems so, and from

the name on the title-page we must respect writers who reverse the "temptation to be idle and dissipated" by working with industry in a noble cause. Lady Duntze may write good books in the future, but *Infelix* is not a good book. The story is the old one of a poor girl who, without love, marries a rich man. Immediately after enters her husband's friend—the usual Ouida's hero without Ouida's audacity—and, presented in an unskilful, suggestive manner, fails to display either the fascinations or the qualities reported by the author as being the secret of this creation's wonderful social success. Jetta, the heroine, is not commonplace, yet she interrupts the announcement of the arrival of her husband's dearest friend with a slipshod remark to her little girl, Flossie, not to make her doll, Bertha Jane, ill by feeding it on eggs. She is not commonplace, because at seventeen she did what ninety-nine out of a hundred do, especially in novels. Poor and pretty, she merely married a rich man without love. Plenty clothed and comforted her, a child soon consoled her, and the habit of wealth contented her. After a year's marriage she objects to her husband falling asleep in an armchair after dinner, she evidently, since marriage, taking no pains to amuse him (courtship had been kinder); and he, after marriage, naturally does what ninety-nine out of a hundred married men do, he speedily falls into old habits of bachelorhood and freedom. The worshipper, her husband's friend, is constantly in the house; there is a picture gallery with the traditional ghost; the friend, Cuthbert Eyre, takes the lady to present her to her own family revenant. It appears. Jetta, in a white dress with a yellow sash, faints, falling into the arms of her adoring slave, whom she presently upbraids for receiving her. She leaves the gallery. Later on comes the usual stereotyped Dutch garden—immemorial trysting place in all society novels for all unhappy lovers. We are now treated to a love scene of an odd kind. Jetta arrives and seats herself on the bench, "a beautiful statue, ashamed." "Cuthbert Eyre tries to draw her gently to him, but she resisted, so he dropped her hand." "Sit down, my darling," he said sadly, "we have not long to be together; my train goes at 2." . . . "Oh, stay, Cuthbert!" sobbed Jetta. "I would follow you to the end of the world and live in a mud-hut, for what are luxuries to me?—but I cannot do this cruel wrong." Happily for men, mud-huts and love have gone out some time since, otherwise cruel, rich, and doting husbands would all be deceived, and palatial, virtuous residences would soon be turned by Lovelaces and wandering Jettas into universal *cabinets particuliers*. These unhappy beings meet again, and, constantly living in the same house, the lady cannot see the man she is in love with without "a sudden contraction of the nerves"; but she still remembers that her husband gives her more pin-money for her gloves than she had as a girl to dress on, and for this disinterested reason she must still remain faithful to him. In the meantime the child, the comfort of her wrecked life, is announced by the nurse as fading. Many others remark this fact, but "meanwhile Mrs. Carew, peacefully oblivious of the fact there was no one to remark the artistic arrangement of her back hair, reclined under the shade of the rocks, whilst Flossie dabbled in a pool a little way off." Later on this blonde child dies—she is killed by telegraph, and subsequently the story is interrupted to interpolate an imaginary, pathetic death scene. After this Jetta feels life a blank; the old mad longing comes upon her to see her lover. She attires herself in stately clothes. The wretched Eyre comes back. They kiss a kiss not of passion, but of friendly farewell. "Eyre pulls a crushed flower out of his buttonhole, lights a cigarette, and goes into the billiard-room." Jetta steals away to her room. "Jetta was a grand nature with a great dash of the pagan in it; she would not stoop to vice, low nineteenth-century vice." "And so an end and straight to Tartarus."

*One Way of Love* is a real old-fashioned novel, in a sense that the author writes because she thinks she has something to say—and in another sense, because she says that something uncommonly well. Miss Constance Smith is well known by her previous works, and especially by *The Repentance of Paul Wentworth*. *One Way of Love* is unlike the former romance, but is alike in good workmanship and simple straightforward English. Miss Smith is particularly happy in this; she knows how to write the vernacular, and one is never offended by words misused, or sentiment misplaced. We will not spoil the pleasure of the many who must read the work by disclosing its plot. There are some faults and some faulty delineation of character, but Alison is prettily drawn, as are Dr. Thornhill and Mr. Maitland. Herbert Earle is not always so successful. It is almost as impossible to make heroes and heroines of poets and writers as to make actors and actresses play on the stage the rôle of—actors and actresses. Imitative art stops when one imitates an imitation. People read to read—themselves, and go to the play to see themselves—in books, not to read how an author de-

scribes an author, but how the author describes some one like the person reading. They always like to imagine that they see themselves in books—they say, "There! I would have done exactly that; that is *exactly* like me! How like that is to me!" And when they go to the play, they do not want to see players pretend to be players, but to see them pretend to be men and women of the world, men and women who have lived, loved, suffered, died, but who are human beings representing the actual state of the masses of humanity, real and not acted, genuine and not theatrical. The exceptions to the latter are Garrick and Peg Woffington; to the former, that perfect novel *Gerfaut*, by the immortal Charles de Bernard. Here we have a poet who is, strange to say, a man and a creation which, let us hope, may serve as a model to all writers wishing to immortalize imaginary or studied geniuses in fiction.

*Miss Blanchard of Chicago* is a most interesting book, written with a great deal of vivacity and brightness. Very few English authors have "reduced" their Americans "to so fine a point," and with one or two exceptions they are absolutely American enough to make even Bret Harte look to his monopoly of Westerners. The plot promises, at the outset, great complications which, in the end, are not fulfilled. The story is really a simple one, the adventures of a young Englishman whose cruel uncle and guardian sends him to the wilds of North America to seek his fortune; or to learn farming in the Far West, happily not as did Birchall's poor victim. Once out of sight of his cruel uncle, always imploring him to mend his ways, we should think that a young fellow with a firm will, strong lungs, and good digestion, would feel more like enjoying himself than pondering upon what he is always trying to escape. Ibsen seems to have turned the writing world topsy-turvy; every one who writes a novel wishes to analyse. Analysis is the dry-rot of fiction. Let M. Paul Bourget devote two pages, if he will, to telling how a black shoelace or a white tie was being adjusted; but, for Heaven's sake, let English authors write with more backbone, and leave these silly subjective details alone. When Mr. Kevill-Davies tells his story simply, it is charming; replete with life, movement, and colour. His characters are well drawn, very distinct, and once we get Arthur Vallance started "out West," the horizon clears wonderfully. *Miss Blanchard of Chicago* is a delightful girl—most natural, graceful, beautiful, of course—and her language is the pure American dear to the English novelist's heart. Her father is an admirable sketch, absolutely true to the life, kindly, frank, and sturdy; a good American in the raw, who has made his money himself, who from the perilous level of the poor sleeping-car conductor has raised himself to the proud heights of the Chicago Stock—or is it Corn?—Exchange, and who is not ashamed to own it—in fact, rather boasts of it—and, like all good Chicagoans, never loses an opportunity to tell of it. We heartily commend this story to any one who cares to know America and Americans as our Atlantic cousins know them, and we can promise readers a most agreeable hour with all Mr. Kevill-Davies's heroes, heroines, and supernumeraries.

#### PRIMITIVE PEOPLES.\*

THERE is something very monotonous in prehistoric people. We know almost as much about them as we are ever likely to discover. They left no literature, only stones, bones, and a few very elementary potsherds. When you have seen one Paleolithic axe-head you have seen all Paleolithic axe-heads; the polished stone weapons are not much more various, and a kitchen midden is not an object in which one can take a permanently fresh interest. The Marquis de Nadaillac's book is useful to persons who have not already studied dozens of other books on the same theme. It is a well-constructed summary; it begins with the classical hints about "thunder-stones" as the unscientific, in all lands and ages, call stone weapons. Then it shows the slowly glimmering dawn of the hypothesis that savages who used the weapons were contemporary with the animals whose bones litter the same caves. The work is well illustrated, dolmens, and cromlechs, and crannogs are represented, and there are some unhackneyed cuts after the drawings on bone with which the cavemen of France beguiled their leisure. These extraordinary artists are the exception; as a rule, early man's art was confined to rude decorative patterns. In France he drew horses, reindeer, mastodons, and fishes with a liveliness not recaptured till the best period of Egyptian work. A distressing uniformity characterizes him. He lived in caves, he trepanned the skulls of his fellow-creatures, he made stone

arrow-heads, he quarried flint, he built rude megalithic monuments, he fashioned rough pottery (the Australian had not reached this stage), he hunted, he fished, he began to farm, he devoted much time to funerals and sepulchres, and not till he learned to alloy copper with tin, or (in Africa) managed to work iron, did his arts and institutions begin to be more pleasingly differentiated. All this is now so familiar that we can scarcely believe prehistoric science to be only some thirty years old. But the science finally, and soon, comes to a dead wall. It cannot tell us why the people who lived in the Thayngen Cave on the borders of Switzerland and Wurtemberg were such astonishingly graphic designers, so eminently superior even to the Eskimo. Illustrations are engraved on pp. 121-123. A different, but still remarkable, art was evolved in Easter Island, by what kind of people we cannot even guess, nor does fancy tell us why whole circles of colossal stone statues were set to guard that mysterious Delos of the Pacific. We know, again, that Egypt had once been the scene of Paleolithic manufactures, but the stages by which Egypt rose from such rude works to the art of the ancient Empire are lost, and all is obscurity. On one or two points M. de Nadaillac's work is inconsistent, or not very trustworthy. We are astonished to learn that Thothmes III. lived in the eighth century B.C. This is probably a misprint. To say that "Iron was known to the Hellenes as early as the fourteenth century B.C." is decidedly hasty. No trace of iron is found in the graves of Mycenæ. The arrow-heads there are of flint, which, of course, overlapped both iron and bronze, for the ages of stone and of the metals have no hard-and-fast boundaries. Homer is more familiar with weapons of bronze than of iron, though in the *Iliad* he uses "the iron" as synonymous with "the arrow-head," and in the *Odyssey* occurs an expression, apparently proverbial, "Iron of itself draws the hero to it." The word χρυσίδεμον, for "diadem," is, we presume, an American misprint; and where does Homer give us any information about the funeral customs of the Libyans? This is not the only place where we have to ask in vain for exact references, and our memory certainly does not tell us that Homer "says that among the Libyans the dead were buried sitting" (p. 353). We are unaccustomed to a hero named Patrokles; Patroclus is the gentle knight we know. These are not very important blemishes, and perhaps the translator may be in fault. M. de Nadaillac's book is pleasantly free from dogmatism, and from the framing of baseless hypotheses. He is content to know that we must remain ignorant of many things—indeed of most things—about early man. His book is probably the best short manual on his topic, and his illustrations are praiseworthy. A fair account of Hissarlik, with its layers of successive small towns, closes the work, which answers a few questions (for example, as to prehistoric trepanning), and which forms a capital introduction to more special studies. One inconsistency we should have mentioned. M. de Nadaillac denies a Bronze age to America, yet credits the Peruvians with the use of bronze.

#### THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.\*

THE appearance of the first volumes of two new illustrated editions of Scott's novels, just sixty years since the issue of the original collected edition, 1829-1833, is an event of considerable interest to the world at large. Mr. Nimmo's "Border" edition, which is edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, is to be completed in forty-eight volumes, like the first collected edition, and is illustrated by some two hundred and fifty etchings by eminent hands, after paintings or drawings by various artists, living or deceased. The "Dryburgh" edition of Messrs. A. & C. Black will comprise twenty-eight volumes, with wood engravings after original drawings, each volume being illustrated by an artist and composed of a complete novel, with the exception of the six shorter stories, which will occupy three volumes. Beyond these leading features of the arrangement of the novels there is no further suggestion of a parallel between the two editions. We have no doubt whatever that the popularity of Scott is more than sufficient for both. The *Waverley Novels*, as Mr. Lang remarks, endure amid all changes of taste, despite that singular young person, the modern reader of fiction, of whom we hear so much, who has risen in our midst, and knows not Scott. The Scotch Novels, as they were for a brief space invariably styled, have long since been the world's novels, and they remain "the delight of mankind, while new schools and little masters of

\* *Waverley*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Introductory Essay and Notes by Andrew Lang. 12 etchings, 2 vols. "The Border Edition" of the "Waverley Novels." London: John C. Nimmo. 1892.

*Waverley*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Illustrated by Charles Green. 1 vol. The "Dryburgh Edition" of the "Waverley Novels." London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1892.

\* *Manners and Monuments of Prehistoric Peoples*. By the Marquis de Nadaillac. Translated by Nancy Bell. London: Putnam's Sons. 1892.



fiction come and go." Since 1833 a "constant tide of new editions" has flowed forth, varying in form from library editions of sumptuous equipment to the excellent "sixpenny" reissue of Messrs. Black just completed, and still the procession of them continues. Of all these many collections of the *Waverley Novels*, Mr. Nimmo's "Border" edition is incomparably the most handsome and the most desirable. The two volumes of *Waverley* before us are from all points of view exceedingly attractive. Type, paper, illustrations are altogether admirable, and Mr. Lang's scheme of editing is not merely excellent in conception, but is realized with equal judgment and taste. In preparing this edition, the editor has enjoyed the advantage of consulting the various manuscripts in the possession of Mrs. Maxwell Scott, preserved at Abbotsford, and though, as he justly observes, Lockhart has left his successors very little to do in the way of editing the novels, from these and from other original sources Mr. Lang has been enabled to throw additional light on certain points which have become obscure by the lapse of time. From the additional notes he has supplied to *Waverley*, we may confidently expect the supplementary annotation of the whole series to prove highly interesting and illustrative. Every reader may be trusted to discover for himself how valuable are these additional lights on antiquarian or historical points, and we are content merely to cite, by way of example, Mr. Lang's very interesting note on the incident of Luckie Macleary's intervention in the threatened affray between Balmawhapple and the Baron of Bradwardine (i. 94).

Mr. Lang's chief purpose, however, is to give to each novel its own historical setting by presenting the circumstances in which the stories were written and published. This is, undoubtedly, an object of considerable importance and interest. Into the scope of this general retrospect there enters, of course, the question of the attitude of the critics of the day, and of Scott's great literary contemporaries, towards the author and his works. The subject is treated fully and explicitly in the editor's discreet and sympathetic introduction to *Waverley*. The views of the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Monthly*, the *Scots Magazine*, the *British*—that "grandmotherly" review—are duly cited, with the record of Byron's appreciation, and Wordsworth's recognition of *Guy Rannering* as a Radcliffian romance. Wordsworth's "sneer," by the way, was but the ghost of a sneer, though sufficient to justify Mr. Lang's delightful observation on Wordsworth's insinuation:—"The slight difference produced by the introduction of humour could scarcely be visible to Wordsworth." Nor has Mr. Lang neglected the voice of later criticism and the difficulties or disabilities of certain "modern readers." With regard to *Waverley*, he observes:—"It is not easy to say whether we should try to put ourselves at the point of view of its first readers, or whether we should look at it from the vantage-ground of to-day." Why should not both points of view be conjoined? Certainly the reader who is incapable of the very slight imaginative exercise suggested by the first position is incapacitated from enjoying the full charm of the romance. Mr. Lang's defence of the supposed meagreness of the love passages in Scott is admirably just, and as complete a defence as can be of what needs no defence whatever. If those modern readers to whom it is addressed are convinced, it cannot be but to their own exceeding great gain. But we are by no means sure that this kind of modernism is worth winning. But it is characteristic of Mr. Lang's kindness and loyal faith in his author, to desire to bring into the fold the erring young person. The artists who contribute to these volumes have unquestionably enhanced the attractiveness of the "Border" edition. The etchings, altogether, are admirably executed, and, in addition to the artistic merits of the drawings, they are in several instances really illustrative. Mr. Batley's fine etching, after Raeburn's portrait, forms an appropriate frontispiece. We are glad to infer, from the same etcher's charming rendering of Leitch's painting, "Tully-Veolan," that although incident will mainly engage the various artists associated in illustration, the very interesting subject of the topography of the novels is not to be ignored. Perhaps it is not easy to insure uniformity in presenting characters when several artists deal with one and the same person in the story. Mr. R. W. Macbeth's romantic conception of Flora MacIvor, with harp in hand by the waterfall, is obviously another person than Mr. Herdman's pensive maiden in "Waverley's last visit to Flora." For the rest, Mr. Pettie's disbanding "cateran" (vol. ii. p. 240), Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn's "Colonel Gardiner," and Mr. Lauder's "Baillie Mac Wheeble," are excellent presentations of character.

The "Dryburgh" edition retains the notes of the late David Laing, in addition to Scott's own notes, appendices, and introductory matter, and is illustrated by a number of artists, of whom many are favourably known as painters or workers in black and white illustration. Mr. Charles Green, who illustrates *Waverley*,

shows no lack of skill and invention, and a fairly close study of the work before him. His "interiors" are well designed, and there is excellent animation in dealing with incidents of action, as in "Forward! sons of Ivor!" But he also, curiously enough, gives us two very different Floras; one at the waterfall, with Waverley attendant upon her singing, where we have her enthroned among the rocks, like some imperious gipsy queen, with dark, ringletted hair; and another—"Waverley's Adieu to Flora"—where the hair of Flora is no longer in curl, and Flora herself another woman altogether. "Ample glossaries" are claimed as a special feature of this edition, and it is true that the glossary to *Waverley* is both full and diligently compiled. It contains information, by the way, which we should hardly look for in a glossary. For example, the correction of the curious mistake about the Baron's wine—"C'est des deux oreilles"—is placed here, and not as a note. And there is no indication in the text that the phrase is an error, and that the error is set right in the glossary. Mr. Lang's method of pointing out such matters as they arise in the text, by a letter within brackets, is far preferable to leaving them to the reader's searching.

#### PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.\*

ALL of us have had friends to whom we have recommended some book, and who in returning it (or not, as the case may be) have said, "Yes, I am sure it is very clever, but do you mind telling me what it means?" The admirers of Mr. Gilbert Parker's stories must have often tried to answer that most difficult question. To *Pierre and his People* the author has, however, condescended to prefix a note of explanation, and left the other note—the note of exclamation—to the generous public. These short stories, collected from various magazines and newspapers, where, we confess, they seemed to us wholly unintelligible, appearing all together, as they do now, throw considerable light across "darkest Africa," or, we should say, "darkest Canada." Mr. Gilbert Parker tells us that his endeavour has been to present us with "the romances, the mere narratives, or individual lives of those adventurers trading in Hudson's Bay" in the days of the old Hudson's Bay Company, and for his locality he has chosen "that vast region stretching from the fiftieth parallel of latitude to the Arctic Ocean." To an effete European the stupendous attempt to represent the life and manners of half a continent in some eighteen short stories would be as monstrous as to place the scene of a five-act tragedy "in different parts of Asia." But in America and the colonies the literary dimensions are nothing if not Titanic. And Mr. Gilbert Parker has tried to do for Canada what Mr. Kipling has done for Anglo-India. There are a good many writers who have nothing to say, and say it remarkably well; and there are a few who have plenty to say, and say it very well; while there are others (Mr. Gilbert Parker among them) who have something to say, but cannot say it. Among the stories that we prefer are notably "Three Outlaws," "God's Garrison," and "The Stone." The last is one of the most powerful and terrible stories of revenge that we have read for a very long time. In conception it resembles Balzac's *Un drame au bord de la mer*, but the motive is entirely different. A man, who has been cruelly wronged by the inhabitants of the village where he lives, leaves his home and becomes a recluse on the overhanging cliffs. There is a large boulder which overhangs the village, appearing to rest on nothing—such as is often seen in Cornwall or any rocky district. The stone becomes the man's home, and popular superstition, after many years, associates him as the genius of the place. He occupies himself at night with chiselling away the natural support of the stone, finally sending it rolling down on the village. The author, however, alone can tell his own story. Mr. Gilbert Parker has condescended to do so with supreme effect. We mention the story as example of the many good things to be found in the book. In the character of Pierre, who appears in all the stories, is typified the Indian half-caste. He is a little idealized, of course. Englishmen and Canadians, both of Upper and Lower Canada, want a deal of persuasion to appreciate the virtues of a race that gave them the cut-throat Louis Riel.

#### THE STANFORD DICTIONARY.†

WHEN, some ten years ago, the University of Cambridge accepted Mr. J. F. Stanford's bequest to it of his MS.

\* *Pierre and his People*. By Gilbert Parker. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

† *The Stanford Dictionary of Anglicized Words and Phrases*. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by C. A. M. Fennell, D.Litt. Cambridge: at the University Press.

collection for a dictionary of Anglicized words and phrases, with five thousand pounds to pay the expenses, we remember feeling some curiosity to see what would come of it. We may as well say at once that a very useful thing has come of it; though we do not profess to be certain that it is quite as useful as it might have been if the University had been left to itself to provide as novel and full a supplement to existing English dictionaries as its combined ingenuity could supply. Five thousand pounds, though dictionary printing is expensive, is a tolerably pretty penny. Dr. Fennell and his coadjutors, or the drawers-up of his brief (whichever we are to call them), Messrs. Aldis Wright, Skeat, Mayor, Bensly, and Postgate, had to consider first the testator's wishes, then his materials, and then what could be done with both. Between them they elaborated a scheme too complicated to be given in detail here, but a very good one on the whole. Summarizing their summary, we may say that they aimed at giving two classes of words and phrases. The first included all words and phrases which have been transported bodily out of other languages into English. The second embraced (here we must give the exact words) "All words borrowed from French, Latin, and Greek, since the introduction of printing, whether not altered, or but imperfectly naturalized and now obsolete." About the first of these classes, or sets of classes, there will be very little question. They form the right stuff and substance of the book, as Mr. Stanford must have planned it, and as it is required to supplement ordinary lexicons. It is true that, it being human to err, there may be "pribbles and prabbles" about inclusions and extensions even here. We doubt, for instance, whether the phrase "a Bengala" for "with Bengal light," used merely in a newspaper letter from Italy itself, can justly claim a place, though no doubt it could if an instance could be produced of its use independently of local propriety, like "a giorno." We have found a quotation given to illustrate one outlandish word in which two such occurred, and on turning up the other we did not find it. And Dr. Fennell has sometimes been "let in" by his contributors. "A fleur d'âme," for instance, does not mean "sympathetically," but "superficially," and the very quotation here given shows as much. But these things are sure to occur, and they are not more than reason.

It is with the second class that we enter among rocks and quicksands, from the point of logical theory. The intention of the editor and the advising committee evidently was to admit words which are sometimes found in French form as well as in English during the first century and a half of printing, and all Greek and Latin words, even changed and lopped, which came in after Caxton. The rule seems a little arbitrary, and its application is, perforce, more so. Thus we find such exceedingly ordinary words of the *-té* or *-tas* class as "gravity"; but we do not find the much rarer "clarity," which is used by Browne, and we think by others. "Centaur," "pyramid," and others are admitted, though shaped to English form and universally understood; but we do not find such an essentially exotic, though English-tipped, word as "ergoteer," a word which is by no means unlikely to puzzle a not wholly ignorant reader, and which occurs in no less an author than Dryden. "Tetrastich" occurs, but not "diptych." Although, as we have seen, room is made for words in "ty" on the apparent ground that they came through the French, there seems a strange reluctance to admit those in "ation," and we have not been able to satisfy ourselves of the presence of any rule by which adjectives in "ic" are admitted or excluded. We mention these things not as wishing to pick holes in a very difficult piece of work, but as showing that there has been either a certain laxity of rule, or a certain caprice of application, in this particular part of the work. To our thinking it would have been wiser either to confine the book rigidly to words used in the original form (including, of course, those which are mere degradations thereof), or else to open the door more widely than has been done. Also we doubt very much whether it was wise to admit proper names, especially of fictitious characters. For where are you to stop? Why is Pantagruel here and Panurge not? Why Bombastes Furioso and not Rigdum Funnidos? We don't know what language Rigdum is, certainly; but it is not English. And before quitting entirely this fault-finding part let us seriously repeat that some of the definitions want a very great deal of overhauling. There is absolutely nothing of the meaning "Beauty which indicates an unsound constitution" in "Beauté du diable," and the *diable* himself only knows what Dr. Fennell's contributor was thinking of.

But enough of this. The book is one the first edition of which must inevitably be a sort of proof-sheet on which to correct future issues, and whatever little defects there may be in it, it must be an exceedingly valuable supplement to the great dictionary of the language proper which the sister University is

now issuing, by which, as the editor acknowledges, this work itself has to the small extent possible been much assisted, and which in turn it ought to assist and relieve. In turning over its pages, not a few reflections of value, quite independently of the information which it affords on particular points, will present themselves to thoughtful readers. It supplies, in particular, a text—a very handsome one, let us observe by the way, excellently printed in a large but not at all cumbrous quarto, which lies open as such a book should—for a meditation on the practice of which it is (in some eight hundred pages of large double-columns) the not exhaustive monument, the practice of using foreign words in English. We know that according to some good folk this process is an abomination. It is an abomination to a minority of them because it offends a sort of literary prudery of theirs; to a very much larger majority, we suspect, because it rebukes and nonplusses their own ignorance. It is a favourite doctrine that it is shocking to use French words in English, more shocking to use Greek and Latin words that have not been naturalized by and for ages—most shocking to use Spanish, Italian, and so forth. It is impossible to repress a smile as one turns over these pages with this holy horror in mind. In the first place, we see the rise of hundreds of phrases introduced with no better reason than those to which our good friends now object, and used by themselves without the faintest suspicion that they are countenancing the hideous practice of innovating upon the English language. But this, it may be said, is a common weakness of human nature, and may even be defended as no weakness at all. Another reflection is much more amusing and much more difficult for the other side to parry. We are constantly told that to employ outlandish words and phrases is the mark of a poor and incompetent writer—of one who, not being able or not being willing to take the trouble to find proper English clothing for his thought, swaddles it in secondhand garments, borrowed or stolen from other tongues. "A nicht wi" a dictionary"—this dictionary of Dr. Fennell's—should singularly stagger this opinion, if the opiner's mind is open to reason. Naturally it would be inconclusive to quote examples here, or rather no possible space would suffice to give an exhaustive or convincing selection of them. But we are quite certain that any one who dispassionately consults the book, and notes the names and dates affixed to the quotations, will come to the conclusion that, with very rare exceptions, *all* the best writers of English have been given, and that very many, if not most of them, have been freely given, to the practice of using a foreign word or even a foreign phrase of some length without scruple whenever it seemed to them that for this reason or that it was desirable to use it. Many of the words and phrases thus used have, of course, not stood. But, even if they have not, it does not follow that their original use was bad; and where they have, it does pretty clearly follow that it was convenient and beneficial. For ourselves we hold that it is one of the crowning glories of English that it lends itself with almost unparalleled ease to such importations and pressing work. It would be absolutely impossible in any other language to get together such a dictionary as this, and the fact is significant of the manner in which the English language, like the English realm, has been built up, and, while its good days last, will always be maintained and strengthened. We take the foreigners' lingo as we take their ships and their goods, their lands and their customs, and, generally speaking, in this case as in others, we do the things a great deal of honour, and make them much more serviceable by taking them.

There is a minor point of considerable interest on which we wish to speak with less decision. There are some people, with whom we partly agree, who hold that the use of foreign words and phrases must be invariably and strictly conditioned by the usage of the original tongues. In some cases there can be no doubt of this. Such downright blunders as "bête noir," such solecisms as "à l'outrance," such inventions of Heaven knows whom as "nom de plume," cannot be too strongly condemned, and they are, for the most part, purely modern inventions of this half-educated generation, though it is fair to say that "à l'outrance" is probably a clumsy re-translation of the Elizabethan "to the utterance," which itself was probably a sort of muddle with "to the uttermost." But there is a certain class of phrases in which some case may be made for an apparent solecism. Of late, for instance, some critics have condemned the use of the word "morale" as meaning "state of temperament," character, courage, and so forth, urging that it ought to be, as no doubt it is in French, and in opposition to "matériel," "moral," while "morale" has another French meaning, ethics or morality. Yet there is no doubt also that the unbroken tradition of English spelling of the word is with the *e*. Lord Chesterfield wrote it so a hundred and forty years ago, and he was not exactly an author ignorant either of English or French. George Eliot (we are purposely confining



ourselves to the examples quoted in the book before us) wrote it so the other day, and she was not exactly a careless scribbler. It has, we repeat, been an unbroken tradition of English military writers (till in these late days a few may have hearkened to the voices of warning) to write it so. Now the question is whether a word which has been so long written in English under a certain form has not acquired a certain prescription—has not, so to speak, its bar sinister taken off. And in this particular case it may be observed that the sense in which the substantive is used in English is to a certain extent made up of both the senses of *moral* and *morale*, and that Pascal in particular uses the feminine form in senses much closer to *moral* than to the modern French restriction of *morale*. Thus we are not to be too sure what example the first English importer had before him. But this is a speculation, and only an instance of many that might be founded on the data supplied by this very solid and useful work of erudition, which represents nearly the best kind of book-producing that University presses can undertake.

## TWO BOOKS.\*

**THE Brighton Road** is illustrated by sketches taken by the author himself. Let it be noted at the outset that, wherever he has kept himself, his bicycle, his companion, and his companion's bicycle, out of the picture, he has succeeded in producing a vivid impression of many beautiful things to be seen between London and Brighton. It is a noticeable fault in such books as these that the traveller, artist, and narrator, in one, always thinks that the world wants to see him on his bicycle or in his canoe. This wonderful delusion was notably entertained, and illustrated, by the late John Macgregor, whose humour it was to call himself Rob Roy, and whose delight it was to picture himself in various attitudes and *tours de force* connected with a canoe, a simple instrument on which he played with very great dexterity.

The book takes five days to reach Brighton. It has been done by very muscular Christians in one; it can be done by the ordinary footpad in two; by the lazy stroller it may take three; by the man who stops to sketch, and perhaps "kodaks" here and there, perhaps five days is not too much. The road, indeed, is full of interest and of associations. Streatham, sacred to the memory of Mrs. Thrale; Croydon, consecrated by the possession of its old almshouse; Earlswood Common, sacred to the memory of its highwaymen; the Sussex Ironworks, which denuded all the Sussex forests and left us naked downs; Crawley, Slaugham, Cuckfield, Clayton, Preston; all these are on the road to Brighton, and all present plenty for the artist as well as the narrator. So much is there to tell upon the road that we grudge the space given to subjects already so often and so much better treated. It helps us, for instance, very little in our way along the road to be delayed while we are told a thrice-told tale about the White Horse Cellars and Corinthian Tom. And we do not want, in a book about the Brighton Road, to hear much about Brighton itself. As a book "made up" to fit the illustrations, this volume is readable, pleasant, and, in parts, attractive. But there is too much make up, and the historical and personal lore is too manifestly crammed for the occasion. Other cyclists, however, might do worse than read the book carefully, and then run down to Brighton with its stories in their head. It should form part, not of every gentleman's library, but of every cyclist's shelf.

It was inevitable that, with the rapid spread of Jefferies's reputation, there should be collected together all that remained unpublished of his work. It is a reputation which took long to make, and was to the end of the author's life unaccompanied by the ordinary proofs of popularity. His volumes commanded the highest praise among those who could appreciate an observer of nature such as had never before appeared in this country. But these were few, and Jefferies did not reach all, even of this select class. Had he lived to the present day, he would have had American magazines offering him large sums for his work, and bringing it out with the finest illustrations that can be procured. Fancy "The Pageant of Summer" in the hands of one who could illustrate it as it deserves! Since his death we have seen the price of his books, especially of the first editions, go up with extraordinary rapidity, so that he who owns a complete set of Jefferies possesses a little fortune which he will do well to keep till he grows rich by unearned increments.

This latest, and presumably the last, collection of papers consists of two parts. The first, containing seven chapters, is a

\* *The Brighton Road: Old Times and New, on a Classic Highway.* By Charles G. Harper. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

*The Toilers of the Field.* By Richard Jefferies. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

description of farm-life in Wiltshire about twenty years ago. Probably there has been little change since these papers were written. They appeared in *Fraser*, in the *Times*, and in a local paper. They are curious and interesting, for the nature of the subject and for the fulness of the detail which Jefferies put into them. He had already begun to observe everything and to note everything. But the style is, as yet, nought; there is, as yet, no style; he is little more, as yet, than a reporter. The second part consists of one long paper called "The Coming of Summer," three or four fragments, and a short paper called "The Lions of Trafalgar Square." "The Coming of Summer" is apparently the first sketch—almost a finished sketch—of the famous "Pageant of Summer"—a sketch laid by, and afterwards rewritten in finer form, with some of the same ideas and some additions. It fails to move the reader to the same degree as its successor; it is tamer in style, it strikes a lower note, it lacks the splendid rapture of that wonderful essay on Nature's works; yet it is singularly beautiful, and for its sake alone the volume will be welcomed and valued. One of the fragments, called "Orchis Mascula," we venture to reproduce whole. Short as it is, no one but Jefferies could have written this little monogram:—

"The *Orchis mascula* grew in the brook corner, and in early spring sent up a tall spike of purple flowers. This plant stood alone in an angle of the brook and a hedge, within sound of water ceaselessly falling over a dam. In those days it had an aspect of enchantment to me; not only on account of its singular appearance, so different from other flowers, but because in old folios I had read that it could call up the passion of love. There was something in the root beneath the sward which could make a heart beat faster. The common modern books—I call them common of *malice prepense*—were silent on these things. Their dry and formal knowledge was without interest, mere lists of petals and pistils, a dried herbarium of plants that fell to pieces at the touch of the fingers. Only by chipping away at hard old Latin, contracted and dogged in more senses than one, and by gathering together scattered passages in classic authors, could anything be learned. Then there arose another difficulty, how to identify the magic plants? The same description will very nearly fit several flowers, especially when not actually in flower; how determine which really was the true root? The uncertainty and speculation kept up the pleasure, till at last I should not have cared to have had the original question answered. With my gun under my arm I used to look at the orchis from time to time, so long as the spotted leaves were visible, till the grass grew too long."

The single page—it is no more—on the golden-breasted wren might be also quoted; but those who admire this interpreter of Nature will get the book for themselves, and to those who do not the volume has no message, any more than the other volumes by the same writer. The second part of *The Toilers of the Field* reminds us once more of the loss which we suffered when this man died.

## DEAN HOLE'S MEMORIES.\*

**THE** duty of an archdeacon, we have been told, is to discharge archidiaconal functions. It now seems clear that decanal functions extend beyond the supervision of a cathedral and harmonious action with Canons, to the collection of good and racy anecdotes. These *Memories* might have been the joint production of the late Dean Ramsay, the late Major Whyte-Melville, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, and W. G. They comprise humorous sayings and anecdotes picked up in the studios of artists, the village school, the common-rooms of Oxford, the tent and pavilion, the hunting-field, and the working-man's club. They never offend against good taste. It may be said that they are like the "grave epistles,"

bringing truth to light,  
Such as a king might read, a bishop write.

If here and there a severe moralist should experience a slight shudder on reading a forcible expression ascribed to a working-man or a rustic parishioner we hope that if recording it with a blush, he may also drop a tear on the record and blot it out for ever. In truth, there is no reason why lawyers and laymen should have a monopoly of amusing stories, and this book fairly deserves the good and pleasant criticisms which from several quarters it has already received. Dean Hole, as becomes a scholar and a Churchman, is fond of classical quotations, has himself written some graceful lines, especially those on Mabel, which deceived a Dean of St. Paul's—whether Dean Milman or Dean Church we cannot be sure—into the belief that they were Hood's; and he has enjoyed the society and friendship of such men as John Leech, Thackeray, Dickens, and others. Some

\* *The Memories of Dean Hole.* London: Edward Arnold. 1892.

of us might have partaken of these advantages with profit to ourselves and yet without ability to communicate them to others. Not so the Dean of Rochester. His account of Leech—of this artist's keen enjoyment of country life; his love of hunting, coupled with the reservation that his steed must be one "on which you can carry an umbrella in a hailstorm"; his mode of working at his art, at one time with extreme care and at another with marvellous rapidity of execution; of Thackeray—his amusing conversation, and the value which the novelist appears to have put on the productions of his pencil as above those of his pen; of Dickens and his charming house at Gad's Hill; all tend to fill up little gaps in their memoirs and biographies, and to bring the men vividly before a generation that only knows their works. We agree with Dean Hole that as long as Englishmen have "brain to appreciate humour and hearts to sympathize with woe" Dickens ought no more to "go out of fashion" than Shakespeare or Walter Scott. A very careful perusal of every page of these *Memories* warrants us in saying that in the multiplicity of names, places, and quotations we have only detected three small errors. The late Archdeacon of Worcester, who is correctly described as a favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold's, was Lea, and not Lee. "Billy Lea" was in the School-house, a little senior to Judge Hughes, an unerring shot with a stone at hedge-sparrows and robins, and a first-rate performer, sound in wind and limb, at Hare and Hounds. Then we doubt if it is quite correct to say that old John Lillywhite in the days of Alfred Mynn and Fuller Pilch at their best, was the only round bowler except Redgate. Certainly towards the close of the thirties Cobbett and Bayley as medium pace-bowlers, were second only to the Non-Parcil; and when Redgate as a fast bowler was in his prime he was almost equalled in pace and delivery by a fine specimen of a Hampshire baronet, the late Sir Frederick Bathurst. Perhaps the Dean's remarks apply only to the Trent Bridge ground at Nottingham. Lastly, unless the Dean intentionally, of which there is no sign, varies the lines of Wordsworth about the gratitude of men, there is an error at page 182. The stanza in "Simon Lee" really runs as follows:—

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning;  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning.

In the page above quoted "unkindly" is substituted for "coldness" in the second line, and "burning" for "mourning" in the fourth. These are slight blemishes; but Deans, like ordinary mortals, should verify their quotations.

It would be unfair for the reader to assume from this or any other review that the whole of this pleasant work is made up of jests only fit to set tables in a roar. With much that is humorous there is a due admixture of sound sense, practical morality, and thorough knowledge of mankind. In the first place, the author has a fine, vigorous, and healthy contempt for prigs and pedants who would have us believe that the Bible is a mere collection of myths and legends. He has a kind word for the Evangelicals who, when spiritual life in England was dull and feeble, have "kept the lamp from going out in the Temple." While he justly condemns the age when clergymen held three livings and discharged with exemplary correctness the duties of one, he is of opinion that there was once a better feeling prevalent between servants and masters, workmen and capitalists, than now. Connected with the religious ministrations of the rector and the curate is the question whether they ought to hunt and play cricket. As to the latter recreation the Dean has not the smallest doubt; nor have we. A clergyman, we are very properly warned, should play this game in his own parish. He should not go away for a two or three days' match, lest his services should be required and missed at the font or the burial-ground. He ought not to clothe himself in gorgeous or fantastic garments, and he must show moderation in pipes and refreshments, as in everything else. This excellent advice is capped by the story of an unregenerate miner who was completely converted by his parson's performance with the bat. The miner, when hurt at his trade and sent to hospital, asked for the ministrations of this hard-hitting pastor, and met his wondering questioner with the remark "Oh, that hit o' yours to square leg for six converted me." Hunting, of course, must be looked at from a different point of view. Few clergymen in these days can afford it; and the presence of an orthodox priest at the cover-side, with a black coat, a white neckcloth, and spotless cords or buckskins, is more rare than it was in the days of Parson Trulliber or of Canon Kingsley in our own time. Still, if the rector can hunt without neglecting his duties or getting into debt, there seems no reason, the Dean seems to think, why he should not meet the hounds at North Kilworth or Long Buckby once in the week. This permission, in the mouth of either a Dean or a Bishop, is to

be coupled severely and stringently with the condition "that you ride straight to hounds." There must be no craning or shirking, or turning away from the pack, in the hopeless endeavour of regaining it after three miles of a green lane and gates easily opened. Doubtless the Dean, when penning this advice, must have thought of Leech's picture of a reverend gentleman stuck in a ditch, with the remark of another rider that "it's only the parson, and he won't be wanted till next Sunday."

Comments on the kindred rural pastime of shooting are prefaced by a truthful account of sport over dogs in the stubbles. Here we have one or two good anecdotes of poachers which we shall not spoil by abbreviation. The letter of a successful practitioner with net and gun to a peer of the realm, thanking him for the first-rate sport which H. L.'s preserves had afforded the band, is excellent, and leads to the conclusion that the poacher must have attended a Board school and learnt the art of polite letter-writing.

Recollections of Oxford will enable readers to understand the depth to which academical teaching had sunk some fifty years ago. Heads of colleges did little unless they edited some Greek classic on which to found a claim for a bishopric. Tutors seemed never to appeal to the better nature of the undergraduates, or to study their "qualities, inclinations, tempers, and temptations." To take a good degree you had to engage a first-class coach of your own. Lectures at one crack college which could be attended by students from other colleges, were unknown. The Oxford Revival, even if it did send some excellent men to Rome, was a real blessing to one University.

On the subject of preaching, we agree with the Dean to the extent that a sermon to tell, should be preached and not read. There is surely a middle course between the Doctor Humdrum of Macaulay's lines, whose eloquence flowed like "sweet poppy syrup," and an impassioned, energetic delivery, where the loud voice is reinforced by the wild gestures of a tub-thumper in a public park. Not that Dean Hole believes in extempore preaching or in offering in the pulpit to God or man what has cost the preacher neither care nor reflection. But even a parson who is no orator may learn how to raise, lower, and modulate his voice, and may try to keep alive the attention of his audience by lifting his eyes from his book. Much good advice to young clergymen is to be found in this chapter on preachers; and Dean Ramsay would have rejoiced at the anecdote of the Scotch minister, to whom the parishioners sent a deputation to remonstrate with him on the too frequent use of copious notes. To the minister's explanation that his own memory was deficient and required assistance, the chief of the legation replied, "Weel, then, if ye see soon forget your own sermons, ye'll nae blame us if we follow your lead." We commend to readers a book which is the outcome of long and varied experience, and which is distinguished not more by amusing anecdotes than by its healthy, manly, and invigorating tone.

#### FIFTY YEARS MAKING HISTORY.\*

"TO exhibit the stream of Australian progress as it has come within my own knowledge and been subjected to my individual influence; to make clear my opinions on some questions of first importance; to vindicate my aims and the motives by which I have been actuated in moulding the policy of the country; to explain my views on some possibilities of the future, and what I conceive to be the destiny of the new Commonwealth"; these, Sir Henry Parkes tells us in his preface, have been the objects he has had in view in publishing this book, and it may be said at once that the execution of the work fulfils the intentions of the author. The book, as he justly says, is neither a history nor an autobiography; and yet it is something of both—something, that is, in the nature of contemporary record, not of history properly so called, and something, too, of an autobiographical memoir, inasmuch as it tells the story of the politics of New South Wales, and occasionally of Australia as a whole, from the standpoint of the author's own position on the stage, and with his own personality as the pivot and central figure of the whole. It may be objected, indeed, that it is not the making of Australian history, but of the history of New South Wales, that forms the real object of the book; and, as to the great bulk of the matter treated of, the objection would be well founded. In all matters of domestic politics the action is confined to the field of New South Wales alone; but we must take it, and may fairly enough take it, as typical of political life in all the colonies. Where, however, Australia as a whole is concerned in any historical event, neither New South Wales nor Sir Henry Parkes was

\* *Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.* By Sir Henry Parkes, G.C.M.G. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.



found very far from the centre of things; so that we do get as a fact whatever "Australian history" there is. In talking of the title, it is not perhaps beside the mark to recall the circumstance that it was Sir Henry Parkes and no other who, a few years ago, calmly proposed to re-christen New South Wales by the name of "Australia," *tout court*. As regards what we have classed as the purely domestic side of the political history, which constitutes, indeed, the great bulk of the two substantial volumes before us, it must be said that it is not of absorbing interest to those who are not contemplating either that life of the author or that history of Australia towards which Sir Henry Parkes regards the present work as contributing important material. For the former of these purposes the material afforded by this *apologia* will be of use, no doubt. But we confess to some sense of disappointment at finding how little of new there is, whether for these or any other purposes. The volumes are, to a very large extent, made up of page after page of blue-book, reports of Parliamentary and platform speeches, and newspaper articles, strung together by what the author himself has frankly characterized as a "desultory" narrative. The personal element in this necessarily predominates—the presentation, that is, of public events as they affected or were affected by the writer himself—and this militates against the preservation of any approach to such proportion as satisfies the historical faculty, events in which the writer has had the strongest personal interest and feelings bulking larger than their intrinsic importance would justify. Nor is it to be expected in a book of this character that the observance of historical perspective can be unaffected by purely chronological causes. The present tends to blot out the past. The last ten of the fifty years covered fill nearly the whole of the second volume. We do not quarrel with this arrangement. Recent events in Australia are of more interest, not only because they are more recent, but because they have been of a character more closely connected with affairs of a wider importance, and calculated to exert a stronger influence upon the future history of the Empire at large, than the provincial, if sometimes exciting, episodes that constituted "history" in the Australia of an earlier day.

Sir Henry Parkes landed at Sydney, a friendless emigrant, in 1839. He was early drawn into the political life of the colony, which had an irresistible attraction for his strenuous and virile intellect. Ten years later he was editing the *Empire*, a power in its day. It was certainly no want of zeal or energy or hard work that kept Parkes poor or caused the *Empire* to fail. "Precipitate zeal," he believes himself, was his own cardinal fault. His energy was simply unbounded. And during a part of the seven years that the paper lived—from 1850 to 1857—doing, as he claims, "heroic" work, and forming the great party which he afterwards led—he was working "double shift," as a member of the old Council and editor and manager of his paper, sometimes thirty-six or forty-eight hours without going to bed. "I must have been made," he says, with reference to this period, "of the stuff of martyrs." At any rate, he must have been made of iron; though he may fairly claim the self-denial and the courage to sacrifice all to his convictions that the phrase points to. His firmness and pluck and strong determination of character have been conspicuous throughout his career. His entire self-dependence, his unflinching confidence in himself and his principles, gave him, to a degree unattained by any living statesman except Bismarck, the extraordinary strength to stand alone, and that power to resist single-handed the forces brought against him, of which he owns himself, and justly, proud. Whether in the face of a conspiracy and strike among his own compositors, threatening him with instant and overwhelming ruin to his prospects and his cause, or of the Great Strike which nearly forty years later he had to cope with in the public interest as First Minister in 1890, he stood his ground without quailing. In opposing the transcendental heroism of Dalley's Soudan Expedition he stood absolutely alone. The populace was a-fire with patriotic and military ardour, and he was for the time covered with obloquy. It was surely no want of loyalty or patriotism that guided him. But this he denounced as spurious patriotism. He denied, and rightly, that there was any national or imperial crisis demanding such action. It was, he declared, to cry "wolf" when there was no wolf. There is no occasion to try to balance the good of the loyal fervour evoked by Dalley's spirited action against the evil denounced in the cool criticism of Parkes. But whether its first or second thoughts were the better, it is a fact that the Sydney populace, in the sober after-time, when it came to paying the reckoning, reversed the verdict of Philip drunk and felt rather ashamed of itself for being betrayed into so much loyalty in its cups. If the idea had suggested itself to Sir Henry Parkes instead of to Mr. Dalley, his position might have been different; for no man could be less lacking in the quality of enthusiasm for causes, and patriotism and loyalty were

a creed with him. At the outset of his political career he threw himself heart and soul into the agitation against the transportation system, and a little later was in the thick of the fight for free institutions and the grant of responsible government. One of the first motions he brought forward on entering the old Council in 1854 was in favour of an improved system of immigration, and a quarter of a century later as Prime Minister he denounced the sordid and selfish motives that led men to shut out immigrants from the broad domains which, as he truly said, belonged as much to the English people at home as to the settlers in Australia. At the end of his book the author essays an appraisal of himself—a task involving some temerity. We believe him entitled to claim a freedom from vulgar ambition, from the love of place and power for their own sake, or for the sake of gain or material aggrandizement. He certainly never courted mere popularity—no man less; but he has always displayed great vanity and self-esteem, and he is greedy of fame—of making and leaving a name to live in history. Of his single-mindedness and integrity we have already spoken. To that may be added the words with which he takes leave of his readers:—"Others will arise to examine more critically the work I have done; I can only say that it has been done with an honest purpose."

The personal element in the book is so predominant, and the personality of the writer so striking, that we have left ourselves but little space to dwell on the events with which his public life was interwoven. This is, perhaps, the less a loss, inasmuch as most of these could have but slight interest for readers outside Australia, or even beyond the borders of New South Wales itself, while many of those which would appeal to a wider circle have passed into our contemporary history, and claim no extended notice here. The book serves, nevertheless, to recall and bring together the many episodes in the course of recent political history in Australia, in which its action impinges on the sphere of imperial politics, and affects the question of the relations between the mother-country and her colonies, a question that is every day becoming more important and more pressing. The influence of Sir Henry Parkes, in this field of politics, has been great. His intellect and his instincts are alike bent towards the imperial idea, and in all his public acts and utterances the question of the imperial relationship has always been present to his mind and exercising an influence upon his language and action. He has through life been devotedly loyal to the Crown and true to the imperial connexion. It must be admitted he has sometimes had an odd way of showing his affection. He has consistently declared that, loyal subject as he is, his first duty is to that part of Her Majesty's dominions with whose interests he is most closely and directly concerned. When Colonial and Imperial interests have seemed to clash, he has on occasion succeeded in dissembling his love for the latter, even to the extent of kicking them downstairs. At the time of the Chinese Restriction Bill in 1888, with every protestation of loyalty and of the most earnest desire to preserve the integrity of the Empire, he yet cast aside all considerations but that which he conceived to be the supreme law he was called upon to obey, "the preservation of society" in his own colony. "Neither for Her Majesty's ships of war" (he declared), "nor for Her Majesty's representative on the spot, nor for the Secretary of State for the Colonies, do we intend to turn aside from our purpose, which is to terminate the landing of Chinese on these shores for ever." Brave words; but hardly consistent with that loyalty to the Crown and to the Empire which, in the abstract, formed one of the guiding principles of his political life. He was perfectly sincere in desiring to maintain the integrity of the Empire; but it must be on his own terms, which are that, if Imperial and Colonial interests conflict, it will be "varra awkward" for—Imperial interests. With that reservation—which the weakness of successive Colonial Secretaries and Cabinets has allowed to become a sort of implied condition in all matters of difference and all matters of agreement between the mother-country and the colonies—Sir Henry Parkes has always influenced the action of Australian governments favourably for the perpetuation and strengthening of the British connexion. He passed through the Parliament of his own colony the necessary measure for giving effect to the arrangement arrived at by the Imperial Conference, 1887, in London for the maintenance of an auxiliary squadron in Australian waters; an arrangement extremely favourable to the colonies, indeed, but valuable politically as establishing the principle of their contribution to the cost of naval defence. In the Federation Convention, again, that sat in Sydney last year, he fought manfully for the principle of establishing the Federal Government of Australasia "under the Crown," and for other provisions tending to emphasize and to sustain the continuance of the Imperial connexion. These are something in the nature of achievements, something just a little

more than words and lip-loyalty; and we may take the writer of these volumes as entirely sincere when he declares one of the three great purposes of his public life (the other two being to serve his own colony and to promote Australian union) to be to cling, through good and evil report—and it not infrequently involved the latter—to “the idea of the expanding greatness and the integrity of the Empire.” His life’s work has to no small extent been, as he phrases it in his preface, “laying the foundations,” not of an Australian nation, but “of Empire.”

## FLIES.\*

THERE are flies natural and flies artificial; both are flies, though they have but one quality in common, their use for the taking of fish. In Part I. of the book on *Favourite Flies* there is much of pleasant discourse on the natural fly, on his (or her) beauty, and the many curious ways of life that he follows:—“In one genus, the Chloëon of the order Ephemeroptera, Sir J. Lubbock has described 21 states of existence” (p. 12). There are many quotations from choice writers of English, and the authority of the entomologist is brought to bear on the descriptions and the scientific names of the insects, which, it is needless to say, differ exceedingly from the fancy names or nicknames given to their artificial semblances; for example, the Ephemeroptera order, and the Drake and the May-fly of the fisher. The author is a lady, and dedicates her book to her father, who, it appears, lives at Manchester, Vt., and has produced a surprising number of artificial flies. She quotes Michael Theakston, an English fisherman, who has very sensibly divided the insects most imitated for fishing purposes into seven classes—and it must be understood that when an insect is imitated it is for trout-fishing; salmon-fishing is quite another matter altogether. These seven classes are illustrated, on very good plates, in their natural form, and the artificial trout-flies to correspond are also illustrated to the number of a dozen, coloured beyond recognition. The number of flies that the good trout-fisher uses in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland is very small, and the seven classes of Mr. Theakston speak well for him as a fisherman. Part I. is much to be commended, and it should be borne in mind that this is a book on flies—on flies not from an entomological point of view, but from a piscatorial point of view—and is devoted to flies, with no pretence to advice on the art of fishing. Part I. also is applicable to fishing in Britain, and, sad to say, this Part, which is so pleasant, out of 522 pages occupies only 41. Not that 41 pages of a large well-printed book in good, readable type is not enough on flies, but the remaining 401 pages must give us pause.

Part II. is a very formidable piece of work. The flies are all numbered from the beginning of Part I., and the number reached in that Part is 23—that is, 12 trout flies and 6 salmon flies—a modest number enough. But in Part II. the astonishing quantity of 290 is compiled. If there are 290 favourite flies, how many there may be that are not favourites must be an unknown quantity. All these 290 are “made by C. F. Orvis, Manchester, Vt.,” and the explanation of this alarming number is that, although the book is an English book published in England, Part II. is wholly devoted to American fishing, for trout, salmon, and black bass, in the Colonies and the States. The 481 mortal pages, the word mortal being used as a sort of superlative by no means inconsistent with the immortality that may attach to the book, contain letters from innumerable correspondents from all parts of North America, all recommending favourite flies, all of which flies are made by Mr. Orvis, who must be endowed with a wonderful genius for artificial-fly-making. The 290 favourite flies are depicted in the illustrations of most superb colour, and the splendour of their hues puts nature, in her manufacture of flies, utterly in the shade. All the illustrations are good; and there are some, other than those of painted fabulous insects, that are very good. The book is very well turned out of hand, and if not useful it is at least ornamental. To any one who is not colour-blind these favourite flies shine brightly in all the tints of the rainbow with the varieties of the kaleidoscope.

Fish will, no doubt, grab at anything that is moving as something alive, and, therefore, good to eat. With these facts before us, we by no means wish to speak disrespectfully of any favourite flies, whatever they may be.

\* *Favourite Flies and their Histories.* By Mary Orvis Marbury. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Limited.

## THE ART AND SCIENCE OF SAILMAKING.\*

THIS volume is less a treatise on the art and science of sail-making than a collection of tables of measurements, together with a number of practical directions likely to be useful to the working sailmaker. It contains no exposition of principles. Perhaps Mr. Sadler includes them among the elementary matters which he takes it for granted that his reader will know already. No one need go to Mr. Sadler for a full exposition of what is meant by the centre of effort. He only tells you what it is, where and how to find its place, and how to cut sails so that they shall not bag just where they are wanted to stand up flat to the wind. We can think of only one way in which it would be possible to qualify oneself to speak with authority on the exact value of all Mr. Sadler’s tables—namely, by first serving an apprenticeship as a sailmaker, and then making several suits of sails by these measurements. The author tells us on the title-page that he has been in the employment of Messrs. Ratsey and Lapthorne—in the best school in England, in fact. His measurements may, therefore, be accepted as based on good experience. A book of this kind may prove popular and useful. It is not every sailmaker—far from it—who can make a sail which shall stretch flat. In this, as in the art of shipbuilding, we had a great deal to learn, not so long ago, from both the French and the Americans. That a sail ought to be flat was itself once almost a heresy with us. Mr. Sadler speaks rather scoffingly of his fellow-sailmakers who go by rule of thumb. He means, we suppose, the wrong rule of thumb, for his own treatise contains little but rules of that nature. A man might use his tables without ever giving himself the trouble to think out the reason why.

## ETON OF OLD.†

THIS book is one of considerable interest to Etonians, more especially to those who, like its anonymous author, are or have been Collegers. Whether it will be of equal interest to the non-Etonian reader, to whom much of it will probably be an unknown tongue, we very much doubt, more particularly as it is written in a style that may be characterized mildly as “artless.” But we do not wish to make too much of that imperfection, seeing that, as it is written by an old gentleman on the verge of ninety, whose first excursion into literature it may very likely be, we can hardly hope to do much in chastening his style by anything that we may say.

Some three-fifths of the book consist of a general view of Eton in the author’s day, another fifth of a sketch of Dr. Keate, and the remainder of a contrast between the Eton of 1811–1822 and the Eton of to-day, the last chapter being contributed by a more modern Etonian friend of the author. The first part of the book is far and away the most interesting, and none the less so that it deals with a rather earlier period and a less known locality (College) than most Etonian reminiscences. We know no book which gives a more vivid picture of life in old days in Long Chamber, its hardships and discomforts, and of the dirt, the noise, the absence of every luxury and most so-called necessities, and at the same time the mirth and fun that made up a Collegers’ existence. Of rug-riding—a process, it may be explained, of polishing the floor for Election Saturday—of the Duke of Cumberland’s counterpanes which appeared on that day alone, of the imposture of the Captain’s room organized for the benefit of visitors, of the art of making candle-sticks, and of the theatricals we have heard before. But it is new to us that in 1811 there were not even enough bedsteads, and we never realized before that many Collegers would have starved if it had not been that they supplemented their meals out of their pocket-money; for, not only were dinner and supper the only two meals that the College provided, but it did not provide anything like enough food at those.

In the cherished traditions of Long Chamber our author has little faith; he will not leave us the story of the sow kept on the leads, and made famous by the late Poet Laureate, nor the deer poached in Windsor Park, nor even the ravishing of porkers’ tails on the Ash Wednesday Fair. It is interesting to see the evolution and survival of customs; thus, in our author’s day, a Fifth Form Colleger promoted to the Sixth had to present his new fellows with a packet of almonds and raisins to be eaten in chapel; and it is suggested that the custom may have existed from time immemorial. We would suggest that this was the

\* *The Art and Science of Sailmaking.* By Samuel B. Sadler. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1892.

† *Eton of Old; or, Eighty Years since, 1811–1822.* By an Old Colleger. London: Griffiths, Farran, & Co. 1892.



purpose for which Master William Paston wanted those raisins in 1478. Again, the rivalry in college between Long Chamber, Lower Chamber, and Carter's Chamber survives to-day in the annual match of Chamber v. Tea-Room. And the collections of Latin verses and themes, like the collections of "vulguses" in *Tom Brown's School Days*, have their modern counterpart in collections of mathematical papers forming a complete key to the books most in use.

To the history of games at Eton our author contributes some useful hints. In his day, it appears, not only were compulsory games quite unknown, but we gather that cricket and football were never played at all by large numbers of the boys, and from the preponderating number of collegers in the old Elevens, and from the fact that a cricket match between Collegers and Oppidans was an annual event, we fancy that they were played much more in college than among the Oppidans. We learn that football was almost entirely of the variety known as the Wall Game, and we could wish that we had a fuller account of it as played in 1820; we believe it to have been materially different from the game as played now on St. Andrew's Day, and to have resembled more nearly a variety of football now extinct, which used to be played by the Lower College Club. But the history of Eton football has yet to be written; but we can only hope that any of the "fortes" who "*vixere ante Agamemnona*" will jot down any notes of the game, and any lists of the early Elevens that they can for the benefit of posterity.

The present Etonian will, perhaps, hardly believe that seventy years ago Etonians were still trundling hoops, spinning tops, and playing at marbles, not to speak of such diversions as hide-and-seek with a dark lantern in the playing-fields—which we take to be the game mentioned in a list of Eton games of the last century as "Hunt the dark Lanthorn"—and bandalore, a game suggestive of maiden aunts, with a toy cupboard of their infancy. Of the rivalry and jealousy between Collegers and Oppidans our author has a good deal to say, and of the better feeling that sprang up about the time of the publication of *The Etonian*; but the judicious historian will note that the former spirit did not die out altogether, for even as late as 1865 College was attacked by Oppidans with snowballs so fiercely that they had to be repulsed by the Master and Whips of the Beagles with hunting-crops, and as late as 1879 a "tug-hunt" was a nightly amusement with the Oppidan pupils of at least one tutor. We are bound to say, however, that a certain diplomacy in the matter of "Mixed Wall Choices" seems to be the chief present survival of the spirit.

As to the character of Dr. Keate, we are not quite sure that we understand the writer's view. He is very angry with Kinglake for the classical passage in *Eothen*, which is admittedly caricature, and then inferentially admits the truth of a great deal that Kinglake says; while he seems to consider that Keate's worst fault was that he wilfully shut his eyes to the light of modern views of education, which is as severe a criticism as it is possible to make. No doubt many of the stories of Keate and his threats of flogging are apocryphal, but that they might have been true the authenticated stories go far to show. If we judge Keate by this age, he will appear very narrow in his scheme of education; but it is quite certain that he turned out many admirable scholars, and, what is better, many excellent English gentlemen. His reputation for scholarship has suffered from the fact that he left no written work behind him; but it may be remembered that some of his elucidations of Horace became traditional at Eton, and will be found in Yonge's edition of that poet. We have heard from the late Mr. Wilkinson and others of Keate in private life; but it is a distinct gain to his portraiture to have the picture of him that we get here in Long Chamber at evening, unbending so far as to inquire about the results of matches, and showing all the keenness of an old Colleger, and for this we thank the writer. He has explained to us also the Sunday "Prose," which we never quite understood before. The school assembled on Sunday afternoon in Upper School, when Keate, after reading a small portion of Blair's sermons, gave out the work and recreations of the week. The noise on this occasion was always deafening; but we do not think that any one has ever explained before that the noise was not to drown Blair, but to express joy at the prospective holidays of the week.

In conclusion, we may say that the book is adorned with some dozen or so process engravings of Eton, half of them by Mr. A. R. Quinton, the others reductions from Charles Radclyffe's lithographs published in the forties; they are, on the whole, fairly successful.

## A SPANISH GRAMMAR.\*

WE find some difficulty in understanding why this grammar is called *Parallel*. In a few passages there are comparisons of the sounds of vowels and consonants in English, Spanish, and French, neither more nor less deceptive than such things usually are, and that is all. For the rest, it is a good enough grammar to buy if you wish to learn Spanish for commercial purposes. Some of Mr. Clarke's rules of pronunciation had better not be followed. Thus, for instance, the "c" in "cepa" and the "z" in "zagal" are not both equivalent to the "th" in thigh. The "c" before "e" and "i" and the "z" have never the same force, but are as near as may be respectively equal to the "th" in thin and in thought. But all written rules of pronunciation are vanities and stumbling-blocks. Mr. Clarke confesses as much in a note, in which he points out that "the position of the tongue in pronunciation" is not the same in sounding "th" in English or "c" and "z" in Spanish. As a matter of common practice, out of Castille the soft "c" is more often pronounced like "s" than not. We cannot agree with Mr. Clarke that, "except in the mouth of purists," "b" and "v" have the same sound. It is a good old joke (Scaliger, we think, has had the credit of it) that "bibo," I drink, and "vivo," I live, are the same word in Spanish; but that was all his fun. There is a perceptible difference, but no mere description can make it intelligible. It is a pity that compilers of grammars of foreign languages waste time over rules of pronunciation at all. They had much better say at once what they always have to say in the end—namely, that the student can only learn to pronounce by practice, and from the example of educated natives. It would be as well also to warn the youth who is setting about learning Spanish that Castilian is the standard, and that he must be as careful not to take his pronunciation from Sevilla or Valencia as a Spaniard should be not to take his English from—the reader may fill up according to taste.

As regards the grammatical part of the grammar, it is sufficient for practical purposes. We mean that anybody who wishes to learn to speak or write Spanish can do it by the help of this book. Mr. Clarke will tell him how to distinguish between "ser" and "estar" as far as telling can convey knowledge which must come either by nature, as the use of "shall" and "will" does to Englishmen, or be grasped at once by natural clearness of head. Whately, in a note to his *Logic*, according to his usual practice, of taking all knowledge to be his raw material, put it in a nutshell when he said that "'estar' furnishes the copula when the predicate is a separable accident, and 'ser' in all other cases." It is as plain as a pikestaff; and if a man cannot understand the rule, the only resource we can recommend him is marriage with a Spanish woman. She might not be able to write, but she would never go wrong about "ser" and "estar." Moreover, the lady would teach him not to misuse the verbs "ir," to go, and "venir," to come, as foreigners, and some provincial Spaniards, do. It takes an Englishman at least some practice to understand how absurd it sounds to a Spaniard to say "vengo," I am coming (from where I am to where you are), instead of "voy," I am going. We suppose that it is very modern, scientific, and so forth, to class the tense in "-ria" (hablaria, partiria, &c.) as "Secondary Futures" of the indicative, instead of calling it, according to the old practice, a form of the Imperfect Subjunctive. Mr. Clarke does not give any English to his subjunctive tenses, and so we do not well know how he distinguishes between "hablaria," I should speak, and "hablara" or "hablase." Neither do we in the least understand what is gained by calling "hablara," "partiera," &c., by-forms of the Imperfect Subjunctive. This book is stated to be meant for use in schools. We pity the schoolboy who is told, of the "Secondary Futures," that "their power of combining the idea of futurity with that of past time has specially fitted them for use in certain classes of conditional sentences from which they have almost entirely ousted the subjunctive. These tenses, therefore, are frequently used in cases where other languages (e.g. Latin) employ the subjunctive. But they do not on that account cease to be indicative forms." And why so? Because "amaría," in old Spanish "amar hía" = "amāre habēbam." Therefore the tense is to be called what it is not, because at some remote and indefinite period it ought, if it had had a proper respect for its great-grandfather, to have been something different. These things cause deep emotions of gratitude in those who ground at grammar in the pre-scientific days. They were very happy not to be born later. We do not quite follow Mr. Clarke's meaning when he says that "the Spanish verb resembles the English verb in possessing continuous forms, and exceeds it in richness in possessing an Imperfect as

\* *Parallel Grammar Series—A Spanish Grammar for Schools based on the Principles and Requirements of the Grammatical Society.* By H. Butler Clarke, B.A. (Oxon.), Taylorian Teacher of Spanish in the University of Oxford. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

distinct from the Past." But we have an Imperfect as distinct from the Past. No doubt we form it with an auxiliary, and the Spaniard does not. But we form the future with an auxiliary, and he does not. Is it, therefore, correct to say that his verb excels ours in richness because it has a future? Indeed, why not go further and say that the Spaniard has an Imperfect Subjunctive with a "by-form" and a "Secondary Future," a show of wealth by the side of which our poor verb, propped up on crutches of might, could, would, and should, appears a mere beggar?

## STUDIES IN MODERN MUSIC.\*

ALTHOUGH it may be doubted whether any musical critic of the present day would have the hardihood of the writer in a musical paper called the *Quarterly Review and Magazine* of 1827, who prophesied that Beethoven's later works would in the future be "talked of by professors and suffered to lie at peace in their shelves," or even of Mr. Chorley, who, in the *Athenæum*, spoke of Schumann's music as a "display of unattractive cacophony," and of *Tannhäuser* as insulting, there is still a good deal of reason in Mr. Hadow's complaint against those critics of narrow and illiberal temper who write with an inadequate sense of their responsibilities. In judging music, perhaps, more than any other of the arts, there is more room for a generous appreciation of the endeavours of an artist in his attempts to express his highest thoughts than is generally allowed by the average critic; for, as Mr. Hadow says, "it is so easy to carp, it is so easy to point an epigram at the immaturities of genius; and the newspaper reader is always for the moment in sympathy with the attack." Schumann—perhaps the most generous of musical critics—saw this, and, in the bitterness of his soul at the treatment that he had received from those who were incapable of understanding his works, recommended them to "pick out the fifths," and leave musical criticism alone. In quite recent times not only Dvořák, but even Brahms, has been treated by such critics to a taste of their quality, a fact which may account for the disinclination of the latter master to visit us in London. We fear it must be acknowledged that the English public are greatly to blame for the continuance of this irresponsible criticism, more by reason of its want of musical knowledge than from any real antipathy to novelty, but most by its restless anxiety to know what those critics think of a new work who have really had but little more opportunity than itself to form an opinion, and who often, under the greatest disadvantages, are compelled to record their impressions to satisfy the imperious demands of their readers. It is easy to carp; nay, it is also safe, for in nine cases out of ten, by the time your readers have been educated to appreciate the beauties of the work, your criticism will have been forgotten, and will have been relegated to the more useful purposes of the buttermilk. At the same time this class of criticism is less displeasing to the general reader than the fulsome "gush" of the enthusiastic worshipper, whose adjectives have a tendency to perplex the Philistines, even if they do not cause the long-suffering editor to blaspheme. Hence Mr. Hadow's plea for less trust on the judgment of others who are supposed to have the monopoly of the love of beauty, and for more dependence on individual judgment based upon certain principles which he discusses, which form the most important and interesting portion of this book, is both reasonable and cogent. These principles of vitality, labour, proportion, and fitness are thoughtfully worked out as the basis of a system of criticism at once practical and philosophical, and the author is peculiarly happy in applying it to the once much-abused Romantic movement both in France and Germany, as illustrated by the lives and works of Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner. This movement was productive from time to time of so much adverse and, to tell the truth, often ill-natured comment on the part of the leading English critics, in spite of which it has, nevertheless, progressed victoriously, that, as the author says, not unreasonably, the critics must be a little weary of constantly advocating the wrong cause. Mr. Hadow combats the opinion that England is an unmusical nation, but regrets that what he calls "the great monodic movement, which originated in Florence, should have spread northward at a time when England was too much occupied with political disturbances to make full use of the occasion." Then came Charles II. with his French and George I. with his German influence, and so the national English style "waned and degraded into a mere echo," and the last English composer, according to this author, until the present generation, was Henry Purcell. Now at last, thinks Mr. Hadow, the period of decadence is at an end, and it is encouraging to hear him

prophesy that England yet may rise to the position which she occupied in the time of Elizabeth, and we English may "show ourselves once more the worthy comrade and rival of the great nations over sea." We know not, but we sincerely trust it may be so.

If the author can persuade the average musical amateur to adopt his system of criticism, and to study music instead of only talking about it, he will have rendered a service to art worthy of all praise, and will have gone far to get rid of the narrow-minded and carping critic whose existence he so much deprecates. We have seldom read a book on musical subjects which has given us so much pleasure as this one, and we can sincerely recommend it to all who are interested in the art.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

## III.

THIS season both M. Jules Verne and Mr. André Laurie attempt no wild flights in worlds of their own imagining, nor anticipate the future progress of scientific discovery. M. Verne's *Mistress Branican* (Sampson Low & Co.) is just a story of this world—the world of all of us, wherein we find adventures, or not at all—and a very pretty story it is, on the whole, with a profusion of woodcuts by way of illustration. Those who think M. Verne is at his best when taking a course of adventure to other inhabited spheres, or voyaging the ambient air, or the waters about the earth, may find *Mistress Branican* a trifle tame and thin. But they cannot complain of lack of variety. There are exciting search-voyages by a disconsolate widow whose husband is lost somewhere in Australia. The journey across that continent is full of pleasing incidents and startling diversion. Then the eccentric Englishman, Jos Meritt, with his queer Chinese servant, is a capital study in M. Verne's well-known comic vein. Meritt is a rich man who travels over the world to add to his unique collection of famous and historic hats. The Rabelaisian catalogue (pp. 211, 212), though only a selection, affords convincing proof of the extent of his researches. Mr. André Laurie's story, *Axel Ebersen* (Sampson Low & Co.), is marked by a sobriety of invention which is certainly foreign to the previous works of this admirable romancer, and must be found by most boys somewhat dull reading after his delightful romance of the moon, and others of the kind. The story tells of the beneficial effects of the Sloyd system of training in the career of a Swedish boy who was somewhat pampered by his mother. The pictures of Swedish life and customs are well drawn, and the story, if unexciting, is well written. Mr. Hume Nisbet shows his usual fertility of invention in *The Divers* (A. & C. Black), a lively story of the life of beach-combers and the exploits of black-birders in Pacific waters. There is plenty of fighting in the story, and it is described with wonderful force; and, whether he is presenting strange scenes or is sketching picturesque regions, Mr. Nisbet never fails to impress us by a vivid sense of actuality. But it is a mistake, in a book written for boys, to write of the love affairs of a boy in the florid strain Mr. Nisbet adopts. What can boys make of such a sentiment as this?—"With the first grey hair Cupid flies, and the sleek-faced goddess Diplomacy takes the urchin's vacant post."

The abundance of sea-stories recalls the curious neglect of the military element in books for boys. We have no writer who can be said to hold the place once occupied by James Grant, whose spirited and versatile works were formerly much read by boys. Mr. Manville Fenn's *Gil the Gunner* (S.P.C.K.) sets forth the adventures of a young officer in the Horse Artillery during the Indian Mutiny. It is not one of Mr. Fenn's happiest efforts, and is intolerably spun out. The length of the story is, in fact, its only Grant-like feature. Mr. William Mitchell's *From Private to Colonel* (Hutchinson & Co.) is far more satisfactory as a varied and picturesque delineation of the romance of war. It is a story of the Peninsular War, told with an agreeable briskness of movement, and fully charged with surprising incidents of a romantic nature. There is, also, a really good sketch of a comic Irish soldier. Mr. Arthur Lee Knight's lively story, *The Rajah of Monkey Island* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), is not without its funny man, one who is known as Ugly-Mug by the middy-hero, "for which relief," we fear, all boys of humour will not be thankful. You want the atmosphere of the Law Courts to give due effect to this facetious Krooman. Luckily Mr. Knight's story does not need such relief, for it is one of the best and brightest books of adventure we have read.

Mr. W. B. Allen is determinedly "up to date" in *The Lion City of Africa* (Partridge). His voyagers to Central Africa from the West Coast pass through experiences that are quite of the Dark Continent description. They encounter pigmies, and make of a pigmy a charming heroine. There is a very thrilling adven-

\* *Studies in Modern Music*. By W. H. Hadow, M.A. 1 vol. London: Seeley & Co., Limited. 1893.



ture with the "sacred lion" of Lhiamba, who proves to be a very different beast from the sacred lion of Algeria, whom the English painter saw driven away by an old woman armed with a broom. Mr. Allen's "strange record" is well imagined, and narrated in a realistic style. *The Young Moose-Hunters*, by C. A. Stephens (Partridge), ought to make young boys happy, and receive the approval of old boys; for it is a story about boys, and the things that boys delight in, and realizes in happy fashion what is a dream of joy with most boys. The young moose-hunters are four schoolboys who are leaving school for some few months' wandering among Canadian lakes and forests. They go a-trapping, and to raise the wind sell their lexicons, their Euclids, and Virgils. They enjoy a most delightful time of excitement and privation in the wilderness, and on their return realize by their spoils something like one hundred dollars apiece. In Mr. Frankfort Moore's *Sailing and Sealing* (S.P.C.K.) there is a scientific gentleman, one of a yachting party in the North Pacific, who is something of a geologist, and attached, we imagine, to the old order of science. Certainly, no believer in cataclysmic energy could have desired to witness so tremendous a demonstration of the hidden forces of the earth as befell this lucky man of science. Mr. Moore has dipped his pen in earthquake with excellent effect. His story leaves us "breathless" more than once. *Born to Command*, by Dr. Gordon Stables (S.P.C.K.), is a story of the sea and of sailors which scarcely holds us with the like fascination. It has no lack of spirit, when there is action to be portrayed, yet is it overspun as a narrative most tediously.

*Stories*, by Ascott R. Hope (A. & C. Black), is a selection of reprinted tales by a writer who knows thoroughly what boys like to read and what is good for them to read. Mr. Charles Paul Mackie tells the story of the first voyage of Columbus to the New World in *With the Admiral of the Western Sea* (Nelson & Sons), basing his narrative upon authentic documents, and showing himself to be in all respects an enthusiastic Columbian. *Warriors of the Crescent* (Hutchinson & Co.) is a book by the late W. H. Davenport Adams, comprising a series of sketches, such as boys with a taste for history will enjoy, of the Ghazni and Moghul emperors from Mahmud to Aurangzib. Mr. Charles Rathbone Low's *England's Sea Victories* (Virtue & Co.) deals with famous sea-fights, in which Blake and mighty Nelson, Jervis, Howe, Rodney, and other English naval commanders were distinguished. It is an attractive book, well written and well illustrated. Mr. C. J. Hyne's *Sandy Carmichael* (Sampson Low & Co.), though far more diversified in adventure and scene than *The Captured Cruiser*, which we lately noticed, is quite as good a story. It ranges from the field of Culloden to the South Seas. Mr. W. Pimblett gives an abstract of history in *How the British Won India* (Virtue & Co.). In "avoiding useless detail," the writer has not altogether avoided a scrappy style of narrative. He is far too comprehensive to comprehend right treatment. You cannot deal with Indian history from the Sultans of Ghazni to the murder of Cavagnari in one small volume. Heroic characters in history are the themes of Mrs. Alexander's *Fair Women and Brave Men* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), and here also the historical field appears too large and vague for the portraiture attempted, and the various sketches of Sir Philip Sidney, Joan of Arc, St. Louis, and the rest need more concentration than the author's method shows.

*Holly Leaves*, the Christmas Number of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, contains a variety of short stories, mostly of a sporting or sportive character, and some good illustrations by Mr. Stanley Berkeley, Mr. John Sturgess, Mr. Paul Hardy, Mr. Davidson Knowles, Mr. S. Dadd, Mrs. Louis Wain, and "A. B.," whose sketches of Emory as Captain Cuttle, Belmore as Newman Noggs, Buckstone in *The Overland Mail*, and other famous impersonations of the past, are excellently done and full of suggestion to old playgoers. How very blundersome a very clever man, who thinks himself such, may be, is prettily illustrated in Mr. Alfred Watson's "A Short Head," a capital story of the ring and the racecourse. The fair and witty lady in Mr. W. H. Pollock's piquant story "Attaque, Parade, et Riposte" ought not, clever as she was, to have risked an exchange of weapons, and laid herself open to the fair revenge she suffered. She might—but the story will suggest much to the speculative reader. Mr. Finch Mason, Mr. F. W. Robinson, the Rev. M. G. Watkins, and other well-known writers are among the contributors of stories in *Holly Leaves*. *The Boy's Own Annual*, the new volume of *The Boy's Own Paper*, is as full of attraction in letterpress and pictures as ever it has been. In fiction we have, in addition to "Axel Ebersen," noticed above, Mr. Malan's capital story of school-life, "The Dis-Order of the Bath," Mr. David Ker's "Champions of the Kremlin," "The Young Nor-Wester," by Mr. J. M. Oxley, and "The Orchid Seekers," by Messrs. Russan and F. Boyle. The papers on practical or recreative matters are full of instruction

and entertainment. *The Girl's Own Annual* is a companion volume that makes quite as varied and attractive appeal to girls and all that concerns them. It is well illustrated and admirably written in all its literary departments. We have also received the annual volumes of *Good Words* (Isbister & Co.) and *The Sunday Magazine* (Isbister & Co.), old-established magazines that deserve to retain their ancient repute; and from the Religious Tract Society the new volumes of *The Leisure Hour*, still one of the best of family magazines, as it is one of the oldest, and *The Sunday at Home*, which, like its more secular companion, is well illustrated, on the whole.

*Welsh Pictures*, edited by the Rev. R. Lovett (Religious Tract Society), is a very unequal production from the pictorial standpoint. Some of the illustrations appear to be old, and some others are exceedingly poor. The "Pont Aberglaslyn" has, we think, served other illustrative ends before now. Among children's magazines we note the annual volume of *Little Wide-Awake* (Routledge & Sons); *Sunday* (Wells Gardner & Co.), with capital illustrations; and *The Child's Pictorial* (S. P. C. K.), with charming pictures in colour. Three pleasing story-books with pretty pictures are M. and C. Lee's *Told after Tea*; *Some Sweet Stories of Old*, illustrated by H. Ryland and Lucien Davies; and *Short Stories about Animals*, by Gertrude Sellon; all published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co. For very young children the "Playhour Picture Books" of Messrs. Warne & Co.—*Cat Pictures*, *Dog Pictures*, *Animal Pictures*, *Bird Pictures*—are suitable both in text and illustration. From the same publishers we have a delightful folding picture-book, *Our Noah's Ark*, and *Aunt Louisa's Nursery Rhymes*, a book that should please all children, for the rhymes include many of the good old kind, and the illustrative cuts are simple and expressive.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

AN Englishman who was not entirely ignorant of French was once saddened by having to confess his entire inability, without having recourse to slang or periphrasis, to translate the phrase "donner le change." It occurred to him, after many years, that the real translation is "to write like M. Maurice Barrès." We have more than once had the pleasure of doing justice to M. Barrès's extreme cleverness, while occasionally deploring his elaborate mystifications and his casual crudities; and we hope to have many more opportunities of doing so. In *L'ennemi des lois* (1) we fear that M. Barrès has let his vocation as a "change-giver" occupy him too much. It is still clever; but the eccentricity is so exaggerated, and the crudities so perfectly gratuitous, that it reminds one more of a class of book at the end of the last century, written by the caricaturists of Diderot, whereof the most famous example is *Le compère Mathieu*, than of anything else. Indeed, it would not surprise us if M. Barrès, whose candour is quite childlike, if not quite angelic, were to confess that Dulaurens had basely plagiarized from him by anticipation of just a century. The "enemy of the laws," a certain André Maltère, is sent to Sainte-Pélagie for exciting to revolution. Here he is visited by the daughter of a *savant*, Claire, and a Russian princess, Marina, who, with a dog (two dogs indeed, one succeeding the other), compose the *dramatis personæ* of the book. André first goes to Venice with Marina; then he marries Claire; lastly (Claire being advanced, as well as douce), they set up a triangular household. And all the time they talk the curious stuff—as of a paradoxical undergraduate with rather an unusual excess of brains and reading, and rather an unusual defect of taste and balance—that M. Barrès loves. It is not bad fun at times; but it is, on the whole, a good deal below *Le jardin de Bérénice*.

M. Stryienski has completed, or so we understand it, his useful labours for Beyle's autobiography by publishing its third part under the title of *Souvenirs d'égotisme* (2), which (he would not disagree with us) is less particular than general. This batch of reminiscences, which is not very long, and deals with the years 1821-30, is completed by a very considerable number of unpublished letters—those to the author's sister Pauline being different from the batch lately published, and noticed here not long ago. The net result of the labours of M. Stryienski during the last five years is that we seem now to have all Beyle's "remains" of an autobiographical character; and that, instead of being confined to the notice—accurate and honest enough, but meagre and carefully guarded—of Colomb, we have abundant documents. It is true that these documents have very little altered the fancy portrait which all acute observers must

(1) *L'ennemi des lois*. Par Maurice Barrès. Paris: Perrin.

(2) *Souvenirs d'égotisme*. Par Henri Beyle. Paris: Charpentier.

have drawn for themselves from Beyle's works and the notices of him by contemporaries; but still they are fact, not fancy. The extent to which they have confirmed or modified moral judgment as well as intellectual idea of him will, of course, depend very much on the idiosyncrasy and competence of the judge. The impression of Beyle's intense egotism and of the strange absence of taste in some kinds that accompanied an exquisite enough taste of others in him must have been deepened, we suppose, for almost all readers; while at the same time fair-minded ones will admit that he was probably a better fellow than it was his pleasure to make himself out. "Cette canaille de Beyle" he has, we believe, been called, not by prudish, priggish Britons, but by Frenchmen themselves, and assuredly it would not be hard to produce passages justificatory of even this strong language. But the present volume, though it contains some remarkable instances of these, conveys on the whole a pleasanter impression of him than the others—certainly than the *Vie de Henri Brulard*. The editor's introductory essays on the figure that Beyle made in the salons of the Restoration is interesting, and gathers up much that is scattered elsewhere. Some of Beyle's English experiences here recorded are very curious, and almost more than very characteristic. We observe, by the way, with pleasure that M. Stryienski himself promises a new *Life of Beyle*. The publication of so much new material by himself and others in the last few years renders this more than desirable—almost necessary. For, abundant and interesting as this new material is, it is very intricate; large parts of it overrun and entangle themselves with other parts; and, unless one has time to disentangle and arrange the whole for oneself (which is not common), it wants an arranger.

Mme. de Nanteuil's contribution to the "Nouvelle Collection" (3) has all the respectability necessary to that series, and a considerable amount of ability and interest as well. Its fault, one which we have often noticed in novels, is an attempt to cover too much time. It is not really a long book, but its personages represent at least three generations; and this, though some persons of great genius have done it—and, like persons of great genius, done it successfully—is usually a mistake. Mme. de Nanteuil, however, is worth reading. Her English quotations and phrases, of which she is fond, are usually correct, and she actually knows what "washed out" means. But her English names are still odd. "Lady Anna Shaeppcott"? No, no! Mr. Ruskin may have given us "Notes on the construction of Sheepfolds," but we defy anybody to construct an English "Shaeppcott."

The two other books on our list are light—distinctly light. We are rather sorry to see M. Ricard using that talent of his which is so evident, (4) and yet which somehow or other never quite "comes off," in making *historiettes*, which ought to be funnier than they are to excuse their tone. *Cœur d'actrice* (5), on the other hand, though even less suited to the young person, is undeniably funny, and has that indefinable something which prevents "fie" from turning into "faugh." "Entre le *Fie* et le *Faugh*," by the way, would be a title quite in the way of present French style, and we make a present of it to anyone who likes it.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE new edition of the writings of Edwin Waugh, which starts with two volumes of *Lancashire Sketches* (Heywood), edited by Mr. George Milner, is not a reprint of the author's collected edition in ten volumes, issued in 1883. It is to be completed in eight volumes, and certain sketches will be omitted, though in no instance will any abridgment of such prose or verse as is included be attempted by the editor. If selection was necessary, certainly no other method of selection could be tolerable. To judge of the two well-printed volumes before us, the new edition of Waugh should do much towards making the works of an excellent poet and a most delightful and original humourist more widely appreciated than they are. Mr. Milner, in his interesting memorial preface, scarcely touches the great and signal merits of Waugh, though he is, like everybody else, deeply moved by the rich and racy humour of such characteristic writings as the Birtle carter's "Story of Owd Bodle," and the tender and sincere pathos of the Lancashire poet's songs. The comparison Mr. Milner suggests between Waugh's writings and a good county history seems to us peculiarly unhappy. There would be some slight ground for it if Mr. Milner were treating of certain topographical sketches of Waugh's only. But he takes the whole range of his work. "We know," he says, "how valuable is a good county history," and then proceeds to say, "Of

equal value, at least, are the tales, sketches, and poems of Waugh." Still more inapt are the remarks on "the poet, pure and simple," and "the dialect poet," while the observations on the distinction of provincial literature and national literature are singularly unfortunate as applied to Waugh. Waugh's "dialect" was his native speech, and he employed it like an artist, and with admirable effect, as the medium of humour, and of colour, and of character. It is remarkable that he did not, as other writers in dialect have done, adulterate his native speech in his poems with the current poetic diction of his time. Dialect does not make literature provincial, as Mr. Milner seems to think. The genuine provincial literature is that which is imbued with the provincial spirit, of which there is absolutely nothing in Edwin Waugh. Let us take one of these *Lancashire Sketches*, something of local description or topography, such as the "Ramble from Bury to Rochdale," and we shall find there is an unpassable gulf between the best county history ever written and the energetic prose, with its wonderful vibrating quality, of Edwin Waugh.

*The Story of Kaspar Hauser*, by Elizabeth E. Evans (Sonnenschein & Co.), while full of material for the student of evidence, is nothing less than a little world of wonders for the "easy credulous." The compiler of this book is a firm believer in the "foundling of Nuremberg," and thinks there is an overwhelming mass of evidence in favour of Kaspar Hauser. The culmination of the evidence is found in a pamphlet published at Zürich last March, which contains a so-called *fac-simile* letter, in which Mrs. Evans finds "conclusive guilt"; and a death-bed confession of an ex-minister addressed to an unnamed prince. The "evidence" is precisely like all other pro-Hauserian evidence. Of the history of these testimonies, the proofs of their authenticity, and the existence of the original documents nothing whatever is adduced.

Most of the poems in Mr. Madison Cawein's *Moods and Memories* (Putnam's Sons) are reprinted from previous volumes. The poet is too lavish of gradiose phrase, and in the use of heavy compounds, where simplicity were better, is too indulgent, yet he possesses a considerable gift of fancy, and knows how to give it musical and poetic expression. Mr. Cawein is obviously a very assimulative reader of poetry, and it is not always his own voice we hear in his singing. "The Old House by the Mere," for instance, is a very Tennysonian strain; while there is no need to name the inspiring source of "The Triumph of Music":—

One night as I wondered and wandered  
In this my rare Aidenn of flowers,  
I saw, where I lingered and pondered,  
A youth cast asleep 'mid the bowers;  
A youth on a mantle of satin,  
A poppy-red robe in the flowers.

*Gentleman Upcott's Daughter* (Fisher Unwin) is a Somersetshire story, and not, as might be inferred from the pseudonym "Tom Cobleigh" adopted by the author, concerned with Dartmoor and that jovial crew "Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old uncle Tom Cobleigh, and all." 'Tis a good story, nevertheless, with excellent dialogues in the West-country dialect and admirable pictures of Somerset rural life as it was some sixty years ago. The story is full of interest and vivaciously written. Indeed, in force and humour the rustic speech is scarcely inferior to the diverting dialogues of Mrs. Palmer's Devonshire farm-folk.

There is genuine flavour of romance about *A Highland Chronicle*, by S. Bayard Dod (Hutchinson & Co.), and everybody interested in the Scottish gipsies will enjoy the picturesque account of these wanderers, who play important parts in the story, and the striking sketch of Andrew Faa, their leader. One curious incident—the stealing of a purse of gold at a cattle fair and its strange restoration to the wife of the owner (ch. v.)—is, we think, founded on fact, or, at least, is familiar to us, though we cannot recall the original form of it. Mr. Dod's book, though printed in London, contains American spelling, such as "center," "rumor," and the like.

America, being a great and wide country like the sea, full of strange things, we should hesitate to hint a doubt as to the fidelity of the studies of American society presented in *Miss Wilton* by Cornelia Warren (Boston: Houghton & Co.), though we have no doubt at all about the dullness of the numerous persons of whom this sad, tedious story treats.

Wonderful as are the illustrations of the art of disguise which novelists have set forth, we doubt if anything so magnificent in the way of "make-up" was ever devised as is exemplified in *The Unwritten Law*, by Mrs. Bennett-Edwards (Arrowsmith). The wig alone—and its effective services—should be the envy of Bow Street, and the despair of detectives—in fiction. The story is altogether marvellous, though, we are assured by the author, it is founded upon facts. Perhaps fiction may be defined as the art

(3) *Violette Deschamps*. Par Mme. de Nanteuil. Paris: Charpenvier-Faquelle.

(4) *Contes d'après-midi*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Cœur d'actrice*. Par J. du Tillet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.



of investing events that had "actually taken place" with a convincing show of unreality.

Like most memorial, or reminiscent, volumes of these days, the *Recollections of George Butler*, by Josephine E. Butler (Arrow-smith), would have proved much more satisfactory as portraiture, and far more readable as a book, if it had been less lengthy and discursive. As it is, Mrs. Butler's analogy of the portrait in some picture gallery and the "memorial or written likeness" of the subject of her volume can scarcely be said to be anything but an ideal that is not practically presented.

In *The Autobiography of a Slander* (Longmans & Co.)—a somewhat alarming title for a very simple story—Edna Lyall tells a moral tale of the growth of a little idle chatter into something very evil, and shows how an uncharitable slander, like the charitable snowball, grows apace as it is passed on from one mouth to another.

*A Handy Book of the Church of England*, by the Rev. E. L. Cutts, D.D. (S. P. C. K.), comprises much useful information, conveniently summarized, relating to Church history, constitution, and work. It has, moreover, two features essential in a book for reference—a good plan of arrangement and an index.

*The Lady's Dressing-Room* (Cassell & Co.), translated from the French of Baroness Staffe by Lady Colin Campbell, is a kind of guide to the preservation of the complexion and health, and comprises many and various counsels and prescriptions, the wisdom or efficacy of which must, we suspect, in many instances, vary as the individual varies. Not every woman could live ever bright and fair, like the Baroness X., on a daily allowance of three dozen oranges, a slice of bread, and a glass of wine. Yet this lady thrived for forty years on this thin dietary.

*How to Feed Baby*, by Dr. Sinclair Holden (Jarrold & Sons), is a practical, common-sense little book, issued by the Ladies' Sanitary Association, dealing with the illnesses that spring from the improper feeding of babies, and the ills that come of the common fallacy that food is the same thing as nourishment.

The hero of *In and Out of the Pigskin*, by George F. Underhill (Chapman & Hall), is represented as smoking "one of his favourite villas," and as having been "in excellent spirits, not to mention excellent beer"—a mild pleasantry, we suppose. The story is more tolerable, however, than such signs might appear to indicate.

We have also received a second and revised edition of Sir R. S. Ball's *Time and Tide*, a "romance of the moon" (S.P.C.K.); Vol. I. of *The Principles of Ethics*, by Herbert Spencer (Williams & Norgate), being Vol. IX. of "A System of Synthetic Philosophy"; *Faithful unto Death*, by J. M. Stone (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), an account of the sufferings of English Franciscans during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with a preface by Father J. Morris, S.J.; *Poems from the German*, translated by C. M. Aikman, M.A. (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Carmela; or, the Plague of Naples*, a drama (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Marriage of the Soul, and other Poems*, by W. Scott-Elliot (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Triumphs of Steam*, revised edition, by Henry Frith (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Joyous Story of Toto*, by Laura Richards, new edition (Blackie & Son); *Patience Wins*, by G. Manville Fenn, new edition (Blackie & Son); and a new edition of *The Wide, Wide World*, by Elizabeth Wetherell (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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The Head-Master must be a Graduate of one of the Universities of the United Kingdom, and must give personal attention to the duties of his office. He must not hold any benefice, or curacy, or any other office or appointment which, in the opinion of the Governors, may interfere with the proper performance of his duties as Head-Master.  
The appointment will be by the Governors by six calendar months' notice.  
Further information may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications stating age, qualifications, and experience, with copies or prints of testimonials, must be sent on or before Monday, the 2nd day of January, 1893, marked "Application for Appointment of Head-Master of Hymers' College."  
Canvassing will disqualify.  
Town Hall, Hull:  
30th November, 1892.  
R. HILL DAWE,  
Secretary to the Governors.

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